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THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

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Price 10 Cents.



THOUGHT THEY WERE SPIRITS.

HOW A POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., GIRL WAS SCARED OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH BY FRIENDS.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 1.

**C**OUpons must be in this office not later than October 1 to be counted. All coupons received after that day will be rejected. So get your coupons in early to be on the safe side. Don't hold back too long or you may be left.

**I**F every tramp was received with a good stove poker they would soon quit the business. The young woman of Duluth who protected herself with that very desirable piece of household furniture made the hit of her life—at least the tramp thinks so.

**T**HEY play queer pranks out in Colorado.

The latest diversion of the cowboy is the roping of a soubrette while she is doing her little act on the stage. It is very funny for the cowboy and it pleases the audience, but it isn't at all humorous for the girl, by any means. It is usually considered a mark of approbation, but the ladies of the stage who have worked in that country are free to confess they don't like that sort of business. They would rather have miners throw hunks of silver at them.

**W**ICKEDNESS doesn't always come with age, by any means, for there is a little girl of thirteen years in San Francisco who glories in the title of the wickedest and toughest girl in that very wicked town. She's robbed her mother and several of her employers, and has had several large and glorious times, flying high with her booty. She has put up at the best hotels, ridden hired horses of blood and swept over streets on a bicycle. But now she's in jail. She says that when she gets out she's going to keep in the game.

## MASKS AND FACES.

How Soubrettes Get Free Notices  
in the Newspapers.

### THE PRESS AGENT'S HARVEST

One Who Wore Bicycle "Paunts" on  
Broadway at Midnight.

### THE BARRISONS AT IT AGAIN.

It seems as if the soubrettes are going mad for notoriety these days. They have sought the ease from the stars and it has hit them hard, as a result of this all kinds of press agents are in demand. The aquatic press agent made his annual appearance and marked that incident of the summer season by administering a cruel blow to his



most faithful ally. The information concerning the watery adventures of soubrettes and serpentine dancers, when it leaked out to the world, has always in the past involved a shark. Thus last summer, at an East River bathing resort, a shark cruelly pursued a living picture, and her sufferings in her embarrassment were allowed to get before the public. Landlords were never inclined to look upon these adventures with a sympathetic eye. Sharks among the bathers are not features of sea-shore life that are likely to make a resort popular, and even the species that attacks soubrettes can do some harm. How hotel keepers will bear up now that the octopus has been utilized by the press agents remains to be seen. Doubtless the beneficiaries of the scheme suffer no more under the attacks of the new monster than they did in the palmy days of the shark method. Their trials in this respect are measured by the amount of publicity that the incident attains, just as this question determines the efficiency of the enterprising man who undertakes the job of letting the world know the facts in the case. At present the acumen of the press agent who first appreciated the value of the octopus in advancing the interests of his clients is acclaimed by his associates.

"That was a good one, I tell you," one of them said, after he had recovered from the shock of seeing a rival do such a successful stroke of business, "and I could have kicked myself for not having thought of it. The number of papers he got it into, too! If he had tried to play that old shark gag again, he wouldn't have got a paragraph anywhere. I tell you it's originality that pays in this business. But who would have thought of

a devilfish at Manhattan Beach? The business needs nerve, too."

A soubrette who couldn't afford to keep a press agent went out on Broadway recently to work up an advertisement for fall use. She went home to her little flat late in the evening and donned a rather risky bicycle costume which fitted just a trifle too neat for anything except a bathing suit. Then about midnight she wandered to the Rialto, where she broke out in a dance of the very latest movements. The rest was easy. A policeman who, strangely enough, wasn't asleep, saw her, and took her into custody. That was all right, as her release was only a question of a few hours, and the next day she cut out of the newspapers a dozen notices of her escapade.

See how it's done?

Manager—Tottie, you'll have to sing the toughest songs you know to-night.

Tottie—Why?

Manager—Well, I expect a bunch of reformers around here to-night, and they won't be satisfied with anything ordinary.

The Barrison Sisters have been kept out again, this time at the Rialto, and as the result of the same kind of a stunt, they have made themselves a laughing stock of the town. The same old story is being told over and over.

Count Pallavicini, a Bohemian of the Hussars. He was very handsome and only twenty-one years old. He attended the music hall one night, and fell deeply in love with Miss Ethel Barrison.

He obtained an introduction to the girl, and after several visits proclaimed his love. The song and dance artist laughed at the count, who declared he would kill himself if she did not return his affection. She paid no attention to his threats of suicide, and refused to change her manner toward him.

Count Pallavicini carried out his threat and was found dead on the floor in his room, with a bullet through his body. In his right hand was a revolver and in his left a photograph of Ethel Barrison, and a slip of paper on which was written:

"O' beg that Miss Ethel Barrison will come to my coffin and press a kiss upon it."

The strange nature of the suicide aroused much interest, and there was considerable unfavorable comment made on the American music hall artists. No one imagined Ethel Barrison would attend the count's funeral, but she appeared at the service, dressed in deep mourning.

The suicide of Count Pallavicini has caused a revival of the stories in which the Barrison sisters have figured, including the elopement of one of the sisters with Count

ances of metamorphoses. Apparently "age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of this remarkable artist's powers, for he still continues to draw big crowds to Olympia. The manifested vitality of this little artist is hard to realize. He has now been playing in New York every night since May 11 and as yet does not show the slightest evidence of fatigue or overwork, neither has he grown careless or indifferent; and although his engagement has extended thus far and now only two weeks more remain of it, his performance is marked by the same degree of freshness and interest as was manifested at the beginning. His programme now consists of "Eldorado" in which he appears in at least fifty different types of characters of both sexes, sings songs in voices varying from baritone to soprano, displays his skill as a ventriloquist, gives an amusing exhibition of sleight-of-hand and mechanical tricks, presents a serpentine dance with beautiful light effects, plays a variety of musical instruments, his clever ringing of the sleigh bells being especially notable, and ends up with his clever imitation of Wagner, Verdi, Mascagni, Breton, Gomez, Sousa, Seldi and other distinguished musicians of America and Europe. His act takes one hour and a quarter to perform and there are no waits. He is, in very truth, a man of mystery and one who has a big stock of surprises up his sleeve for the person used to conventional entertainers.

Mr. Huber, who has a museum worth seeing, has taken a week's departure and not long ago engaged a good-looking grass widow to entertain his guests. Interest was added to the affair by the announcement that each one was on the lookout for a fresh husband. The leader of the band of grassies is Hazel Burt, a pretty young thing with snapping eyes and an athletic figure. Even the red-headed girl is there, but whoever wins a bride must wed her in one of the huge drawing-rooms before the audience. An enterprising furniture firm has agreed to set the couple up in housekeeping. Nine grass widows in a bunch is indeed a sight worth seeing. You can't beat that for enterprise very much.

Glory—Oh, dear, I hope we won't have to rehearse in heaven!

Sunbeam—Probably not. I understand they have continuous performances there.

She—I can kick higher than you can.

He—Perhaps, but not as hard.

Here is a pretty little tale which hasn't yet been denied:

Less than an hour after Jennie Yeamans, the comedienne, received her decree of divorce from Charles B. Dillingham recently, a messenger called at her house with a small package. It contained a magnificent ring of the marquise style, with the diamonds set in the form of an interrogation point. There was no note with it, but the peculiar shape of the ring told her the name of the sender.

Each gem in the ring seemed to flash an inquiry, and in the note of thanks which the actress sent to the giver there was a modest affirmative reply which will make one man, thousands of miles away, supremely happy when he receives it.

The romantic ring was one chapter in a romantic story which will be ended a year from now, when Miss Yeamans will leave the stage and settle down in a foreign city as a countess. She declines at present to give the name of her future husband, but he is described as young, handsome and wealthy.

They met out West a few months ago, while the Count was making a tour of this country. Mrs. Dillingham at that time had separated from her husband and was preparing to begin divorce proceedings. The Count fell in love with her, but she being another man's wife, could not, of course, with propriety listen to his burning words. There was, however, doubtless a tacit understanding by which each knew the other's feelings, and they lived in hope.

The Count recently sailed for his native country. Just before his departure he announced that he would have something to say as soon as she could legally hear it. The ring was made by his order and entrusted to a friend, with specific instructions. This friend was notified the moment the actress was again Miss Yeamans, and the scintillating question was dispatched to her.

The wedding, as before stated, will not take place for a year. Miss Yeamans is firm on that point, believing that it would be unbecoming to marry any sooner after her divorce.

Miss Yeamans has long been a favorite of New York theatre-goers, and was the comedy girl in several important plays. In "Blue Jeans" she made one of the greatest hits of her career, and her thrilling rescue of the hero from the teeth of the buzzsaw was always the signal for great enthusiasm. She comes of a theatrical family, Annie Yeamans, her mother, being for years leading woman with Ned Harrigan. Jennie was born in Australia. She was married to Dillingham three years ago.

Actor William Gillette is the owner of a fine house boat, where he lives and entertains his friends during the dog days. He has christened it the "Holy Terror." Recently, while in the North river, the "Holy Terror" ran down half a dozen yachts and smashed up things generally. So the actor's friends have suggested that he change the name, and in the future call his craft "The Merry Hell."

Lillian Kennedy, who is, or was, rather, a nice Western star, has come down to vaudeville.

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The most novel and extraordinary entertainer in town is Leopoldo Fregoli, the gifted son of Italy, who is just now amusing New York at Oscar Hammerstein's Olympia roof garden with his performance of metamorphoses.

Lillian Russell, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Fitzgerald, etc. Cabinet photos, in lights and costume. 10 cents each. Send 2-cent stamp for list. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

# AWFUL CRIME OF A FIEND.

A Five-Year-Old Child of Battles, Ala., Taken From Bed.

CARRIED TO THE WOODS.

Found Senseless by Her Horror-Stricken Parents Hours Later.

ARMED MEN PURSUING THE BRUTE.

From the beautiful eastern shore of Mobile Bay, Ala. comes a story of an outrage on a child, which, for horrible details and sheer brutality, is unequalled in the criminal annals of Alabama. The whole of Baldwin county is in an uproar. Families with young children are in a state of extreme terror, and a general exodus from the neighborhood of Battles, which is a summer resort for Mobilians, about eighteen miles from the city, is threatened. The horrible crime which has produced this intense excitement was perpetrated about midnight close to Battles. The infant victim lies at her home in Mobile high up to death, and her fiendish assailant is still at large.

The awful story—which has wrecked the peace of mind of one of Mobile's prominent and respected ministers of religion, placed his wife on a sick bed and substituted intense sorrow where before all was unadulterated happiness—is told by Rev. Gardiner C. Tucker of St. John's Episcopal church, as follows:

Along with his wife and family he was occupying for the summer the Deerwood place at Tatumville, about a mile from Battles. Between half-past 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning he was awakened, as was his wife, by the voice of their five-year-old child, Melville, crying at the front door to be admitted. "Mamma, mamma, please open the door; I want to get in," came in faint tones to the astonished parents.

Mrs. Tucker quickly complied with the request and the sight which met her eyes momentarily riveted her to the spot, and then with a shriek of agony she fainted. Dr. Tucker, running to his wife's assistance, found her an apparently lifeless mass just inside the hall, and his little girl, the beam of sunlight in a home where day was everlasting, outraged and weltering in her own blood, the victim of a villain's lust. But a few hours before he had bade his child good-night and saw her tucked away in a tiny cot with the angelic smile of childish innocence playing upon her loved features. The child's story, told with extreme simplicity, sent a shudder of horror through her listeners. She had been awakened by a man who had a white face, and whom she thought was her papa, lifting her out of her bed. Her papa had been in the habit of carrying her from parts of the house in which she would fall asleep and placing her properly in bed. Having former experiences in mind and being only partly awake, she said, "Oh, papa, I don't want to get up." And almost immediately fell asleep again on the inhuman breast of her destroyer. He carried her with the childish words still ringing in his ears and the sweet face composed in slumber upturned to his own, into the woods where her screams were of no avail, and outrageously assaulted her. Weak with her fearful struggles with the monster, and through the excessive hemorrhage of her injuries, nature gave way and she remembered no more until she found herself on the porch of the house from which she had been taken whither the fiend had carried her.

After making their heartrending discovery, the parents lost no time in procuring medical aid. Drs. Bodousque and Fearn were brought from Battles to render first aid, while a posse of ten determined men scoured the woods in every direction without result, not even finding foot tracks.

That Mobile is excited over the crime goes without saying. Nothing in recent years has so wrought up the community or caused greater indignation. The latter is a mild term for it.

If volunteers were required for a sheriff's posse, judging by the expressions in the business quarters of the city, the officers could easily obtain an army. Many Mobilians, denied passage on the police boat, will take the first steamer they can and institute their own search. What will follow should they find their man is easily conjectured; certainly a jury will be an unimportant feature.

"The eastern shore is killed from this on," is the exclamation in the mouths of some of the city's best citizens, who remember former Baldwin county sensations, of which this forms the horrible climax. Certain it is that the district will not again form the resort of timid people, and this is demonstrated by the influx of people to the city via bay boats.

## LEW ZUNDT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular waiters at Bergen Beach is Lew Zundt. He is well known in sporting circles as the trainer of Mike Leonard and Jack Downey. He is always ready to help along anyone who aspires to proficiency in the manly art.

## SHOT WHILE TALKING POLITICS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. S. Hemmingway, a promising young lawyer, while making a speech in favor of Bryan and free silver at Santa Fe, N. M., recently, before a ratification audience of about 2,000 persons, was shot in the abdomen by a bullet fired by some unknown person.

## THIS TRAMP WAS TOASTED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The folks in Louisiana know how to treat a criminal when they catch him. They caught one the other day

who had not only outraged a woman, but had wound up his crime by murdering her after he had satisfied his bestial passion. They ran the man—who was a tramp—down with dogs, and when he had confessed that he was guilty the infuriated crowd bound the brutal wretch, dragged and staked him to the nearest tree, and, after burning his body and riddling it with bullets, quietly dispersed.

## BIRMINGHAM'S SPORTING CLUB.

Two Americans, Now in England, Intend Promoting Big Fistic Contests.

A new club has just been started in Birmingham, Eng., which will occupy a niche on the shelf of the leading organizations of the world. The promoters are two Americans, John S. Barnes, formerly proprietor of the Minneapolis Baseball Club and manager of the Phoenix A. C., of St. Paul, and the Twin City A. C., of Minneapolis, and his brother, N. E. Barnes. These enterprising sports have already promoted two displays on a large scale, and will have everything in shape for the commencement of the boxing season in the fall. The membership roll is made up of the cream of the sporting men in the Midland counties of England, and bids will be made by the Barnes brothers for some of the biggest fistic events of the future.

The premises are admirably situated in the centre of the city and are suitable in every way for the fulfillment of the views of the promoters. The building is fitted with electric and incandescent arc lights and a sliding glass roof enables the grand saloon to be made beautifully cool in warm weather.

The furnishing of the club has been conducted on such a scale that it surpasses any other organization in the world for luxury. It is the only place in the Midlands at which drinks on the American principle are dispensed. The Barnes brothers have been fortunate enough to secure Lord Godolphin Osborne, uncle to the Duke of Leeds, as president. The club will be giving good purses during



## FOUND HER AT THE DOOR.

A Five-year-old Child, Taken From Her Bed by a Fiend, Crawls Home to Her Parents.

the season, and would like to hear from Dick O'Brien, Bobby Doobs, Oscar Gardiner, the "Omaha Kid," Tommy Dixon, Johnny Van Heest, Paddy Purtell and others.

Recently, Martin Julian, the manager of Bob Fitzsimmons, made himself intensely unpopular when he visited Birmingham, England, with his combination. The takings for one night were returned as £34 and another as £59, and as the expenses were considerably in excess of £100 the combination was working at a loss. When John L. Sullivan visited Birmingham in 1887, 10,000 people paid for admission on each of the two nights, and he cleared nearly £1,000 in addition to making himself immensely popular with the local sports. When Julian's figures became known the "wide division" smiled, as in face of the 10,000 or 12,000 people who were present the two nights it was apparent that quite a number were let in to applaud the New Zealander.

"A Chance for All Fair Cyclists." \$100-wheel free. Read the offer in September *Varieties*. Price, 10 cents. Sold everywhere.

Chris Van der Ahe says that Tommy Dowd is the best manager of "der Frowns" since Comiskey's days. Chris' opinion should be taken with a large injection of salt. He is likely to change his mind as often as his drinks, and Chris' repertoire in the headcase line runs from nickel stings to the pause cafe.

## ONE OF ZOLA'S BEST!

"The Fate of a Libertine." By Emile Zola, the author of "Nana." No. 2 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 38 original and pictorial illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

# NO JOY IN LIFE FOR HER.

So a Covington Mother Arranged To Die With Her Babies.

WOULD KILL THEM ALL.

But for Once the Police Were Alert and Prevented an Awful Crime.

HER HUSBAND HAD ABUSED HER.

A most unnatural mother, who had deliberately planned to murder her three innocent babies and then commit suicide and end her own miserable existence, was arrested at her home at Covington, Ky., one night recently by two officers who, by their timely action, frustrated the desperate woman's horrible purpose. The woman was hurriedly taken to police headquarters, where she registered as Mrs. William Knippe. Shortly after her arrest, by dint of much coaxing on the part of the police officials, the half-crazed woman

river. The policemen gave chase and caught her just in time to keep the desperate woman from leaping into the river. They took her to the station house at once along with the three tots, who were crying loudly. After being locked up, Mrs. Knippe admitted that she had purchased the carbolic acid for the purpose of poisoning her three babies.

While the woman was relating her terrible and pathetic story the scene in the station house was indeed a most affecting one. Through tears of grief and penitence she told how her husband had been out of work for nearly a year, and how they had been forced to subsist upon charity. To add to her already heavy burden Knippe would beat her frequently, and at last her cup of sorrow overflowed. The life she had been leading became unbearable.

The husband, who had been arrested for beating his wife previous to her attempt to suicide and infanticide was also a lodger at the same station house. The children will be given into good hands for safe-keeping and a thorough investigation of the case will be commenced at once.

## FITZ COMES BACK AGAIN.

As Usual, Wants to Fight Everybody but Jim Corbett.

Robert Fitzsimmons returned to America on the steamship Paris, which reached New York on Saturday, August 22. He had hardly left the gang plank before he began hurling anathemas right and left at the men who are disputing his right to wear the title of champion. One lonesome, solitary individual was at the pier to welcome the returned pugilist, and as he came down the pier he looked disappointed because of the total lack of enthusiasm over his presence.

Fitzsimmons has grown quite stout since he left America, and when he goes into training again he will have to take off considerable weight. Fitz came over with his wife and child and Dan Hickey, his sparring partner. His manager, Martin Julian, left England for this country on last Tuesday. The champion says he is glad to get back. His trip did not prove to be the success he expected, but he denies that it was anywhere near a failure.

"I had a royal time in England and most every place I visited," said Bob, "but I'm so glad to get back. When the Paris hovered in sight of the Statue of Liberty I scarcely could control myself. England is all right, and no person could have been treated with more courtesy than I was, but in the end there is only one place on earth, and that is dear old America. They don't know that you are on earth over there, and to appreciate American kindness you want to go across."

Well, I'm back again, and of course I'm ready to fight. I am open to meet Slavin, Joe Goddard, Steve O'Donnell, Denver Ed Smith, or, in fact, any one in the middleweight and heavyweight class whom I have not defeated. I don't propose to meet boxers whom I've already knocked out, because it's useless to beat them again. But as to Corbett, I won't fight him. Let him get a reputation first, or else meet Peter Maher.

"What do you think of the Corbett-Sharkey fight?" the reporter asked.

"Why, they are both fakirs, and Corbett's the biggest fakir of the two. The whole thing is a put-up job to wriggle out of a contest with me. It was all fixed when they met in San Francisco that if Sharkey stayed the four rounds with Corbett he would be entitled to a fight to a finish. This was the opportunity Corbett was looking for, and he grabbed at it eagerly. He is a lucky dog, for the match will give to him a chance to evade anybody else for six months, and in the end he will laugh up his sleeve, for the pair will never fight. Where can they fight, I should like to know? And if they should come together, who will go and see them? "I thought Sharkey was not allowed to box any one before he met Corbett. He's going to box Sullivan, ain't he? Well, it would be funny if John just 'copped' him and put him out of the business. To show how much I think of Sharkey, I will give the whole receipts to him if I fail to stop him in four rounds. And, to add to this, I will agree to fight Corbett a few months later if I fail to knock Sharkey out."

Just as Fitz left his hotel, shortly before noon, he was approached by a friend, who sarcastically said that Corbett was in town and was looking for his scalp. Fitz laughed, and said:

"Oh, that's all right. I won't avoid him. He's a 'clinch,' and I can whip him without trouble."

Dan Stuart was not at the dock to greet the champion. Probably the early arrival of the ship had something to do with this. Stuart may possibly see Fitz shortly.

The professional swimming race which took place on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, Pa., recently, was one of the best exhibitions of the sport seen in local waters for some time. The contest was between George Kistler, ex-champion of the West coast of England, and Charles Dunley, better known as "Dunks," of Philadelphia. The course was back and forth across the Schuylkill, an estimated distance of 950 yards, and Kistler won handsily by twenty-five yards in 16 minutes and 4 seconds.

## WHY YALE DIDN'T WIN AT HENLEY.

AMSTERDAM, Aug. 13, 1896.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq., New York—Dear Sir: A few days ago I had the pleasure to read an interview between Mr. Bob Cook and a United Press reporter in the *Boston Advertiser*.

In this review Mr. Cook says:

"A four-mile course should have been better for my sight."

My opinion is that his crew would give us a poorer show on a four-mile course against the Leander crew than she did at Henley, because the Leander past the Yale easily on the half of the course, what may have been the result on a four-mile course?

"The Leander crew is the fastest crew in the world."

I think we may believe that, but it is not sure.

I believe that the men sent every year to Henley are strong enough, but I think it is the style of rowing which is no good.

I saw several sights, amongst others the big eight of the Atlantic Boat Club, when I was in America, but I never saw a crew which rowed a good style.

The blade-work was in most cases pretty good but the body-work was always bad, so well as the use of sliding-seats.

I was told that the Bar-Crooks stroke is rough in America, but it has been proved that the English style is the best of the world.

J. J. K. O.

## MAN'S WORST ENEMY!

"An Unfaithful Wife." By Paul de Koeh, one of the most famous French authors. No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 33 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. By RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.



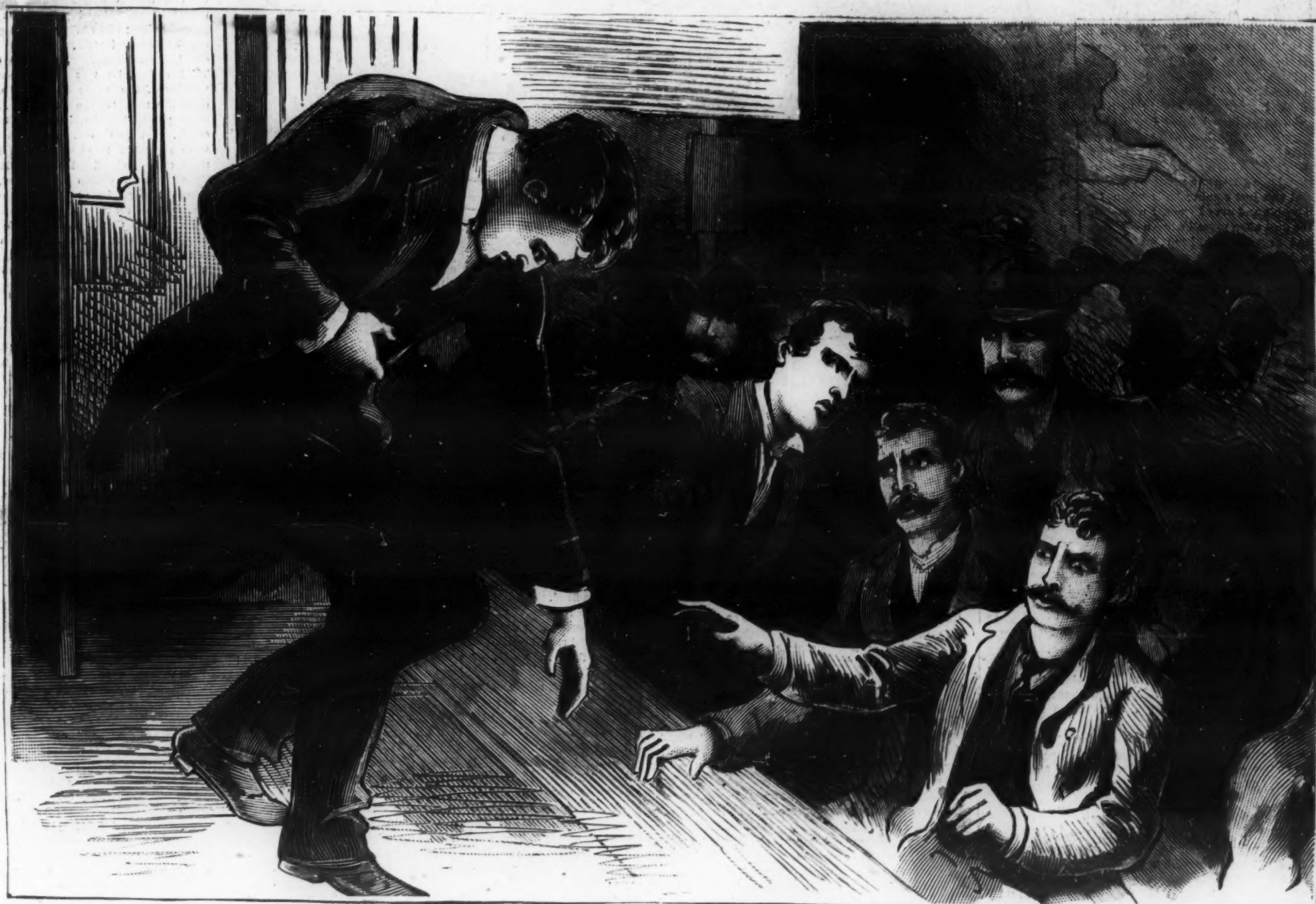
JEAN DU CHAMP.

HER FIGURE IS WORSHIPED BY THE PARISIANS AS THE MOST PERFECT ON EARTH.



"GET OUT, YOU NASTY OLD TRAMP!"

THE WAR! RECEPTION WHICH A YOUNG WOMAN AND A POKER GAVE TO A TRAMP AT DULUTH, MINN.



SHOT WHILE TALKING POLITICS.

W. S. HEMMINGWAY FATALLY WOUNDED WHILE SPEAKING HIS MIND AT A SANTE FE, N. M., MEETING.

## HERE'S A BAD LITTLE GIRL.

Only Thirteen Years Old, but a  
Hardened Criminal.

## ROBBED HER EMPLOYER.

Then She Traveled and Blew the Money  
In Like a Princess.

## NOW SHE'S SAFELY LOCKED UP.

The toughest girl in San Francisco is at the present time within the city prison, and the prospects are that she will remain in custody for some time. Her name is Eva Doherty, age is thirteen years, and her record as a criminal would put to the blush that of many a man confined behind the bars at San Quentin or Folsom.

What is more, this precocious criminal is proud of her record, boasts of her prowess as a thief and laughs in the faces of the kindly disposed people who seek to point out to her the error of her ways.

"They make me tired," she says. "It's a wonder they wouldn't get onto themselves and go talk to a church or something that's not next."

And then she unblushingly tells of some of her more daring exploits in the way of thievery, and with much gusto details the riotous manner in which she squanders her ill-gotten wealth.

"I guess I am in for it this time," she said, "but then they can't send me up for more than five years, and when I get out you can bet your life I'll make things lively for a while. They've got to be pretty foxy to get me to prison. They're liable to lose me on the way."

The girl's last exploit, and the one for which she will have to answer in the court, was the robbing of her employer, Mrs. A. Klinkner, of \$200 worth of jewelry and \$30 in money. She immediately left the city, made several short railroad journeys, stopped at several good hotels, indulged to the full her passion for horseback riding and finally fell into the clutches of the authorities at Napa, Cal. She was taken back to San Francisco in charge of Detective Anthony, and a few hours later was taken before Police Judge Joachimsen, who held her to answer on a charge of grand larceny. She will be committed to the Whittier Reform School until she attains her majority.

"I'd rather go to the Mag," she says—meaning the Magdalen Asylum—"but if they say Whittier, that goes. I'll never kick," was the way she expressed herself when informed of the fate in store for her.

The first notable chapter in the criminal history of this child occurred almost two years ago, when she broke in the door of her mother's room with an axe, stole \$24 in cash, and took the first train for the interior.

"It was this way," she said, when asked to relate the occurrence. "I got sick of staying at home, so I just broke into the old woman's room and took the stuff, and then skipped. Did I have a good time? Well, I guess yes. I went to Stockton, got a room in a lodging house and blew myself for further orders. And, say, they never would a-ketched me either if I didn't fall off a safety. I was doing the grand one afternoon ariding on a bicycle and was just coming back when I made a bobble and over I went. I was a-brushing the dust off myself when a cop came up and asked me did I hurt myself. I says 'no' and then he gives me a tough look an' says, 'What's your name?' I was on in a minute, and so I tells him a string of lies that would kill you dead. I guess he was next, for he takes me to the prison and kept me there three days before they brought me back here. That safety was what queered me."

As a punishment for this Eva was sent to one of the Christian missions where she stayed three months and then ran away. Later she was given employment by a family living in the Western Addition, but after staying a couple of weeks, she stole \$12 and some valuables and ran away. From that time up to the date of her employment by Mrs. Klinkner she spent a portion of her time at home and at other places unknown to her family. She never failed to vary the monotony of daily existence by committing small thefts and engaging in all kinds of juvenile lawlessness. After robbing Mrs. Klinkner she went to Berkeley.

"I went there," she explained, "because the cops never look in those small towns for people they hunt for. I stayed at a bang-up hotel every night, and in the day I would go horseback riding. I always went a-horseback because it's good fun, and I wanted to see the country, and besides if any cop got onto me I could give him the shake easy. I got tired of Berkeley after a while, so I thought I would go to Napa. Buy my own ticket? Well, I guess yes. That's dead easy. When I gets to Napa I goes to the Palace hotel, and there the cops pinches me. A woman that knowed me give me away and here I am. Say, do you think I'll enjoy myself at Whittier?"

With this she entered into a discussion of the respective merits of the prisons in Stockton, Napa and San Francisco, offering occasional suggestions for the betterment of each of the institutions named.

### QUARTETTE OF GREAT ROWERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Among the contestants at the national amateur regatta at Saratoga last week was the senior four of the New York Athletic Club.

The oldest and most popular man in the boat is Billy Pinckney, bow oar; he has been rowing since 1888, and has a fine collection of prizes; in condition he weighs 145 pounds. In 1892 he was bow oar of the Chippies, when they defeated the strong Columbia

Varsity crew at the Harlem regatta. No. 2 is E. J. Kean, a well-built young fellow, who started rowing as a substitute on the Chippie crew in 1892. He stroked the winning junior eight in 1893, and rowed also on the winning senior eight the same day. He is the lightest man in the four, weighing but 138 pounds, stripped.

No. 3 is F. W. Howard. He began rowing in 1889. His first victory was as a member of the junior eight. In 1891 and 1892 he rowed with the Chippie crew. In 1891 he also won the junior single sculls at Philadelphia. He is a thoroughly reliable oarsman, who has shared in many victories on New York Athletic Club crews. He weighs 167 pounds, and is the heaviest man in the boat. Stroke is J. R. Crawford, who began his aquatic career in 1890. He was a member of the Chippie crew when they won the junior race at Staten Island, 1891; he was also with them when they won the national championship at Washington the same year. He has been rowing steadily many years, and has the stroke down to perfection. In condition he weighs 160 pounds.

The crew average 152½ pounds.

### GUS KOEGEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Somewhere beyond the Rocky Mountains, en route to New York, is now traveling a young German by the name of Gus Koegel. He left Sacramento, Cal., on July 18, on a tramp across the continent to New York.

On the same day Henry Stopp walked out of Portland, Ore., with the same objective point in view, and the two pedestrians will race across the country in an endeavor to break the record and to see which will first arrive in New York city. The record from San Francisco to New York is now ninety-two days, and Koegel expects to make the trip in ninety days, exclusive of ten days' resting time, which are allowed him.

This is not Koegel's first long trip on foot, for he has traveled over this country and abroad in the same way, and might be termed a professional pedestrian. On June 10, 1894, he left San Francisco for a trip around the world. Except in crossing the two oceans he traveled entirely afoot, and arrived at the starting point on June 5, 1896, having circled the globe in five days less than two years, beating all previous records. On his walk from Sacramento to New York, Koegel carries a small hand satchel and several books of records, having his appearances in the



STOLE AT THIRTEEN YEARS.

And With Her Booty This Precocious San Francisco Maid Lived on Top of the Wave.

cities on his route verified by signatures obtained at the various newspaper offices he visits. While crossing the desert the pedestrian will also have a canteen of water, and some capsules of nutritious extract, with which he is enabled to prepare soup. Otherwise he makes his living by giving lectures of his travels before the various German societies in the large cities.

"At Fortune's Shrine." Monte Carlo as it is to-day. From original sketches. See September number *Varieties*. Just out. Ten cents, at all newsdealers.

### "GET OUT, YOU NASTY OLD TRAMP!"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

He was a beautiful specimen of the hobo, and had enough nerve to carry him anywhere, but he made a mistake when he went into a Duluth, Minn., house and demanded of the young woman who came to the door the best meal she could get up, and quickly at that. She looked at him for a moment and then she retreated in the house. When she returned she had a man's size poker with her.

"Get out, you nasty old tramp!" she shouted, and she hit him once with her weapon.

He got and never returned.

### AN IDEAL STORY OF FOX LIFE.

"Woman and Her Lover." No. 9. FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Translated from the French. Artistically illustrated. Price 50 cents, post-paid. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

## SHOT AS SHE LAY IN BED.

Fierce Battle With an Intruder  
in a Hicksville, O., Home.

## SLUNGSHOT DAZED HUSBAND

"I Know Who It Was That Killed Me,"  
Was the Woman's Remark.

## "BLACK SHEEP" SON SUSPECTED.

The hour after midnight—the hour which men of wickedness select for their wicked deeds—a man crept silently up to the home of Henry Webster, a wealthy farmer of Hicksville, O. Like one familiar with the surroundings he forced an easy entrance. Mrs. Webster, the lady of the house, was first apprised of his

vicinity. It seems as though Mr. Webster had threatened to disinherit his son in the bequeathal of his property, and it is believed by many that the matter was brought up while the son was here on his visit, and that trouble arose and that the crime was committed with a view of putting Mr. and Mrs. Webster out of the way before they had made their will, which, it seems, up until that time, had not been done. The family suspect the son committed the crime. The revolver which was dropped in the encounter has been identified positively as being the same one as carried by the son during his recent visit at home. It is a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver. The shells remaining in the chambers being too long, the ends of the bullets had been whittled off, all of which answers the description of the one carried by him, and the one shown to and handled by his several brothers during his recent visit.

The murderer was thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the house, and his stature and limping walk were identical with that of young Webster. The house being dark, he was not seen in the face, but the tracks made by him show a deformity in the right foot, and young Webster wears an artificial limb on his right side. The county has been scoured for several miles around by posses of indignant citizens, and, if captured, the civil law governing crimes will not in all probability be taken into consideration.

A pack of bloodhounds was brought from Latty, O., and was placed upon the track of the desperado. It is believed that the criminal is in hiding somewhere in the neighborhood, yet it is possible he has made good his escape on a passing freight train. Authorities have been notified in all directions, and he will be captured no doubt. Mrs. Webster can not live. She was conscious for a short time only. Her only remark was: "My God, Henry, I am shot through; if I die I know who it was that killed me."

The Websters are highly respectable citizens and among the wealthiest farmers in the county. Dewitt Webster, who is twenty-nine years old, has been considered a black sheep, having borne a hard character for years. When he came home he beat his way on a freight train and was rather seedy in appearance. There are good grounds to believe that trouble arose during the recent visit over the matter of the will and the refusal of the father to furnish his son with money.

### MARCUS DALY'S FUTURITY.

The Copper King's Colt, Ogden, Places the  
Great Event to His Credit.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The ninth Futurity, run at Sheepshead Bay, on August 14, served to introduce another good 2-year old to the Eastern turf. Marcus Daly's Orden is the youngster in question. Four first-rate 2-year-olds have shown during the present season. They are Don de Oro, Ornament, Winged Foot and Ogden, and unless the autumn months develop a very speedy animal the quartet above named will, in all likelihood, be accepted as the superior young horses of a decidedly moderate year.

Just now the victory of Ogden in the Futurity is regarded by the average racegoer as the most impressive of recent years. When Don de Oro ran away from a clever field in the Tremont stakes at the Gravesend course last June he was promptly proclaimed prince of the 2-year-old class; when Winged Foot, carrying the stars and stripes at Sheepshead on Independence Day, won the Great Trial stakes, he was pronounced the wonder of the generation, and when, over the same track a week later, Ornament placed the double event to his credit, Don de Oro and Winged Foot were relegated to obscurity and Ornament completely filled the public eye. So at present Ogden is the idol, and other 2-year-olds are looked on as members of an inferior class.

Mr. Daly's Orden ran in the Futurity like a racehorse, yet, apart from Ornament, there was nothing of merit behind him. He carried 115 pounds, fortunately secured the best of the going and won easily from Ornament, the favorite, in 1:10. On July 4, in the Great Trial stakes, the Futurity distance, Winged Foot, carrying 122 pounds, won just as easily as did Ogden, in 1:10 1-5. From a time standpoint Ogden's race was one-fifth of a second the superior of the two. According to the weight scale Winged Foot's victory fell little short of phenomenal, and to have equaled it, it would have been necessary for Ogden to have shouldered 125 pounds in the Futurity and win.

Ornament, in the Futurity, had up Tod Sloane, a 97-pound boy, and nineteen pounds of lead. Sloane is a fair lightweight jockey and Ornament a heavy-headed, sluggish colt. Sloane rode him to the best of his ability, but with all due deference to the lad it must be said that he failed to do the favorite justice. A strong, vigorous rider, of the Taral-Garrison type, would, in all probability, have succeeded in getting a more satisfactory race out of Ornament. The favorite, too, was handicapped by the going. He drew the inner rail, where the track was deep and holding. It was the shortest route to the judges' stand, but it was decidedly a trying one.

### "WITHOUT SIN."

A novel has just appeared in London that has fairly taken the breath of that not very squeamish town.

It is called "Without Sin," and the name of the author is Martin J. Pritchard, a name unknown in this country, and apparently now known for the first time in England. The scene of the story is cast in London, of course.

The heroine is a very beautiful young girl who is eventually induced to pose for a well-known artist for a holy subject. She becomes so inspired with the whole proceeding that she goes off into an ecstatic swoon. Some months later she finds herself in a delicate condition, which she doesn't lay to any human power. Of course no one believes her, but she believes herself and that is sufficient. The American publishers of the book are H. S. Stone & Co., of Chicago.

### SPICY. ORIGINAL.

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# THEY FIRED TO KILL.

An Infuriated Brother and Sister  
Attack a Man.

CHARGED WITH SLANDER.

Pierced by Four Bullets He Fell Dying  
To the Sidewalk.

A DRAMATIC HOSPITAL SCENE.

Of course, it's the old story of a woman seduced that prompted this crime and for this a Chicago man was fatally shot recently by a pretty telephone operator and her brother. The wounded man is William Hawkins. The girl is Nellie English and her brother's name is Joe.

The meeting, which resulted so disastrously for Hawkins, was brought about by a letter written to Joseph English by Hawkins, asking for an interview at the place where the shooting was done. He wanted to bring about a reconciliation between himself and the woman, but his methods proved to be singularly ill-chosen. Hawkins was not expecting the girl at the meeting, but showed little surprise or perturbation when she approached with her brother.

"English, is it true that you have threatened to kill me?" Hawkins asked.

"Yes," replied English, "and I will, too, if you don't quit talking about my sister."

Hawkins entered no denial, but attempted to justify himself.

"So that's the way you talk about my sister, is it?" cried English, as he drew his revolver and fired at Hawkins, and called on his sister to imitate his example. Hawkins attempted to cover his face with his arm. As the second shot was fired he fell backward, striking on his right arm. He attempted to rise, but English and his sister leaned forward, and two more shots were fired at him. Both probably took effect, for Hawkins lay still, with blood pouring from his mouth and side. A bystander grabbed Miss English's weapon, thinking she was about to shoot herself.

Policeman McKenna ran to the scene from the opposite corner and arrested English and his sister.

Hawkins was carried into Baker's drug store, and Dr. T. Lloyd Carey, with an office near by, was summoned. He stanchied the blood flow and made Hawkins as comfortable as possible until the Central Detail ambulance arrived.

Before he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital Hawkins said he wanted to make a statement. He lay in the middle of the drug store, surrounded by a dense crowd of curious people attracted to the scene. Hawkins seemed to appreciate the dramatic feature of the situation.

Dr. Carey took down what the stricken man had to say. The statement was rather incoherent, and Hawkins was interrupted by the flow of blood from his mouth. He said he had written to Joseph English to meet him at this corner and read some letters he had from Miss English. These letters, he said, would prove the truth of the statements he had been circulating about the girl. He expected that English would sympathize with the action he had taken.

English and his sister made no attempt to get away. They accompanied Policeman McKenna to the nearest patrol box, directly across the street, where a call was sent in for the ambulance and patrol wagon. They showed no evidences either of fear or of regret.

"I did that for you," said English to his sister.

"I know you did, brother," was the answer, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, "and I love you dearly for it."

The shooting attracted a multitude of people to the scene. Hundreds crowded into the drug store and the streets were rendered impassable for several minutes. It was all the attaches of the drug store could do to keep the crowd back sufficiently to enable Dr. Carey to reach the wounded man and afford him assistance. The crowd did not disperse for an hour.

On their arrival at the city hall the assailants were taken into Inspector Fitzpatrick's office, where both made statements justifying themselves for shooting the man who had, as they said, not only deceived but also slandered Miss English.

Although the prisoners freely admitted the shooting, the police maxims necessitated an identification trip to the bedside of the wounded man. It was supposed Hawkins had been taken to the County hospital, and policemen went thither with Nellie and Joseph English.

Frank E. Hawkins, the twin brother of the wounded man, was informed of the shooting, and he, too, went to the County hospital. Frank Hawkins arrived at the big building first. He went to the Warden's office to ask permission to see his brother. No record of the case could be found, and Hawkins was taken down to the receiving office, where it was supposed the ward in which Hawkins was could be ascertained. As he came down the stairs Hawkins caught sight of English and his sister, who were standing in the corridor, surrounded by officers.

With a choking voice Hawkins turned to English and asked:

"Did—did you shoot my brother?"

"Yes, I did; and I am glad of it. I would shoot you under the same circumstances," English retorted.

"Yes, and I am the one that shot him, too," said Nellie English, boldly facing Hawkins and looking at him with hate gleaming in her eyes. She forced herself within a foot of the man and defiantly glared at him until she was drawn aside.

Her brother was handcuffed to a policeman. He, too, defied Hawkins. Hawkins' face grew crimson and every muscle in his body became tense and rigid. Apparently he was about to leap upon English, when a bystander seized his arms and pinioned them to his side. A policeman jumped between the two men and grabbed Hawkins by the throat and asked him what he meant by creating a disturbance.

When Hawkins was released he leaned back in a limp fashion and supported himself against the wall. The policeman thought he was making a "gun play," and took the precaution to search him for concealed weapons.

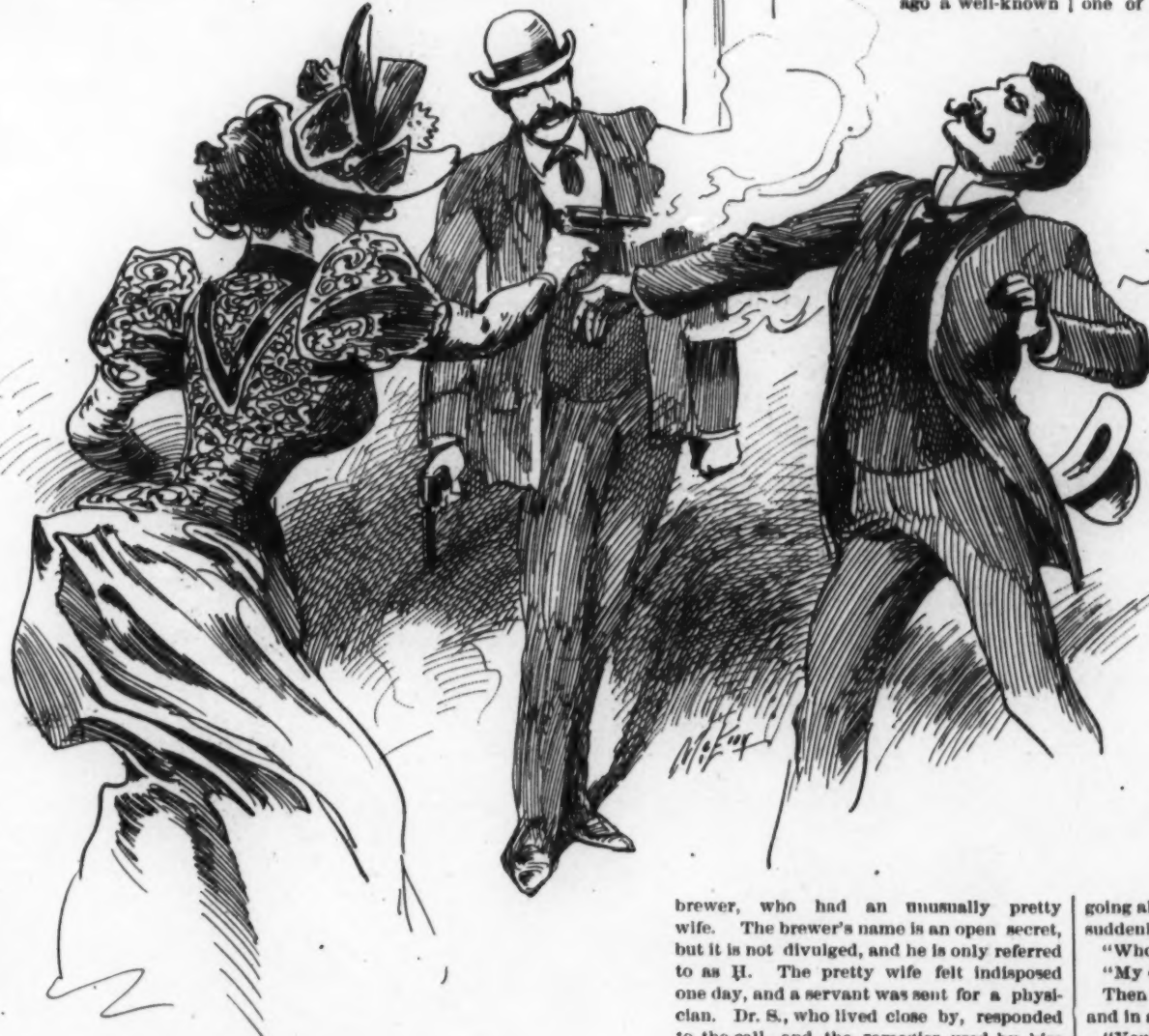
English looked on complacently, and when the policeman again released Hawkins he said: "Oh, let him be. He's a blow, just like his brother. He wouldn't have the nerve to hit a chicken, much less shoot anybody."

The remark rankled deep in Hawkins' breast. He repeated it over and over again on the way to St. Luke's Hospital.

"It would not afford me any gratification to kill a man," he said, "but if that fellow is ever let out of jail I'll pound him to a jelly."

Frank Hawkins was preceded to St. Luke's by his brother John, who has a barber shop on the South Side. There was an affecting scene when the wounded man saw his twin brother. He already had made his dying statement to a notary. Drawing Frank close to him and clasping his hand, he asked John Hawkins to lock hands with Frank.

"Brothers, I am dying," began William. "I am sure I will not live long. But, as sure as there is a God in heaven, I swear that I told the truth in the statement I just made. I cannot tell it over again to you, but the notary has it. I want you to tell mother that before I



SHOT BY BOTH BROTHER AND SISTER.

On a Crowded Chicago Street They Pumped Bullets Into a Man They Accused of Slander.

died I prayed, and that I am innocent of all they charge me with. I never deceived Nellie English and I did not elope with her from Galesburg."

A priest was sent for by John Hawkins, who absolved the apparently dying man and administered the last rites.

After this the assailants of Hawkins were brought in for identification, and a spirited scene ensued, in which Hawkins alluded to Miss English as "that wretched woman," and she responded with: "O, you villain!" Then Hawkins was left with his brothers and medical attendants, it was believed, to die.

Every ball was thought to have taken effect. One shot entered the right upper lip, carrying away four teeth and a part of the right jaw. The second made a wide, jagged wound in the right side, about two inches below the nipple. This ball is thought to have penetrated the lung. A third wound was in the left calf. Blood was also flowing from a gaping hole over the left hip. Opinion is divided as to whether this was caused by the same bullet that entered the side or whether it was a fourth separate wound. The sidewalk showed no sign of bullet marking.

It is probable that Hawkins turned over as he lay on the sidewalk after he was wounded in the right side.

## THOUGHT THEY WERE SPIRITS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a girl in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who firmly believes that her hair has been turned a shade whiter by a scare she received recently. She belongs in Buffalo, N. Y., and she has been visiting friends in Poughkeepsie who thought it would be a good joke to dress up in sheets and frighten her. It was a good joke, but it came near ending fatally for she went into convulsions.

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OR  
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# THIS MONEY WAS CURSED.

It Came From the Sale of a  
Brewer's Wife in Germany.

BROUGHT RUIN TO MANY.

The Legacy of Wealth and Shame Handed  
Down From Father to Son.

NOW A NOTORIOUS WOMAN HAS IT.

Here is a story of real life with more tragedy and romance in it than can be found in half a dozen novels. So impressive is it that it has stirred all Germany, where the scene is laid. Thousands who never read a novel with a purpose have heard of this lamentable story, and have learned therefrom a salutary lesson which no novel could teach them with such effect—the lesson, namely, that according as a man sows so shall he reap, and that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.

There lived in Berlin some years ago a well-known

denburg street, and it was not long before stories of domestic infidelity began to circulate among the neighbors. The young husband quickly found out that he had made a great mistake, and, like his father and uncle, he took to drink, which very soon carried him off.

His pretty young widow came into possession of the ill-starred property, and straightway started to spend it most lavishly. She kept open house, surrounded herself with all the luxuries that money can buy, and in a short time became the wife of a retired officer of the army. Much of the property had disappeared by this time, and she and her husband went to Potsdam, where they opened a fashionable winery. The ex-waitress presided over this establishment, and by her beauty and seductive wiles soon attracted a host of customers. But the profits of the wine business were not sufficient for her, and she let it be known that persons who wanted money could get it from her, provided they were willing to pay handsomely for loans. Now, as regards money lending the German laws are rather strict, and, hearing curious stories about this apparently respectable winery in Potsdam, the law officers determined to make a strict investigation. But when they went to the winery they found that the birds had flown, and all they could do was to publish a description of the ex-waitress and charge her with usury. They are trying to arrest her now, and if they catch her she will probably be severely punished.

So, from generation to generation, this shameless blood money, this money fixed by a husband as the price of his own wife, has wrought incalculable mischief, and the story of the ruin which it has caused teaches a lesson which is not likely to be soon forgotten.

Citizen Thomas Byrnes and His Famous Catboat Nancy, with portraits—Varieties for September. Price, 10 cents. At all newsdealers.

## ARTHUR V. LINTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arthur V. Linton, who died in London recently, was one of Europe's most famous long-distance riders.

He was born in Wales thirty-one years ago and was a brother of Tom Linton, who recently rode thirty-one miles and five yards in an hour on the Colford track, London. Arthur's last ride was at Paris, June 28, at the Buffalo Velodrome track. There he competed in the Bol d'Or twenty-four hour race, in which Riviere established a new record. In that race Linton broke all records up to the seventh hour. He rode like a demon, and seemingly used no headwork in an attempt to outclass the previous record of his countryman, Michael, and that of Huret, the long-distance French rider. After he had reduced the 150-mile record from 6:05:51 to 5:38:04 2-5 Linton was obliged to withdraw from the contest.

In the minds of most wheelmen his death was due to overtaxing his vitality. Early this season he won the great road race from Bordeaux to Paris, and since then had frequently been a contestant in most of the long-distance road and path races. Of late he has experienced severe abdominal pains, and these in turn superinduced the ailment from which he died.

## ROPED IN THE SOUBRETTE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The performers who work in Western theatres have some very queer experiences, but the strangest experience actor or actress ever had was that of being lassoed on the stage. There is a young woman who recently filled an engagement in Creede, Col., who was roped in by a cowboy at a recent performance. She was working in tights, and everything seemed to be going along smoothly, when a man in the audience suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Whose brand do you carry?" he yelled.

"My own!" she answered, good naturedly.

Then he swung his lariat in the air a couple of times and in a moment he had her roped.

"You'll carry mine now," he shouted, and the audience applauded wildly. A scene shifter rushed out and cut the rope and the actress made her escape.

## DANNY McMAHON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The quality of a new bantamweight is puzzling the boxing experts of the East. He hails from Detroit, Mich., and his name is Danny McMahon. Recently he met Maxey Haugh in a ten-round bout before an athletic club of Brooklyn and although the decision was a draw it was apparent to every disinterested observer that the Western lad had the best of the engagement. He is clever and possesses all the qualifications of a good pugilist.

## INSANE, SHE MEANT TO KILL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

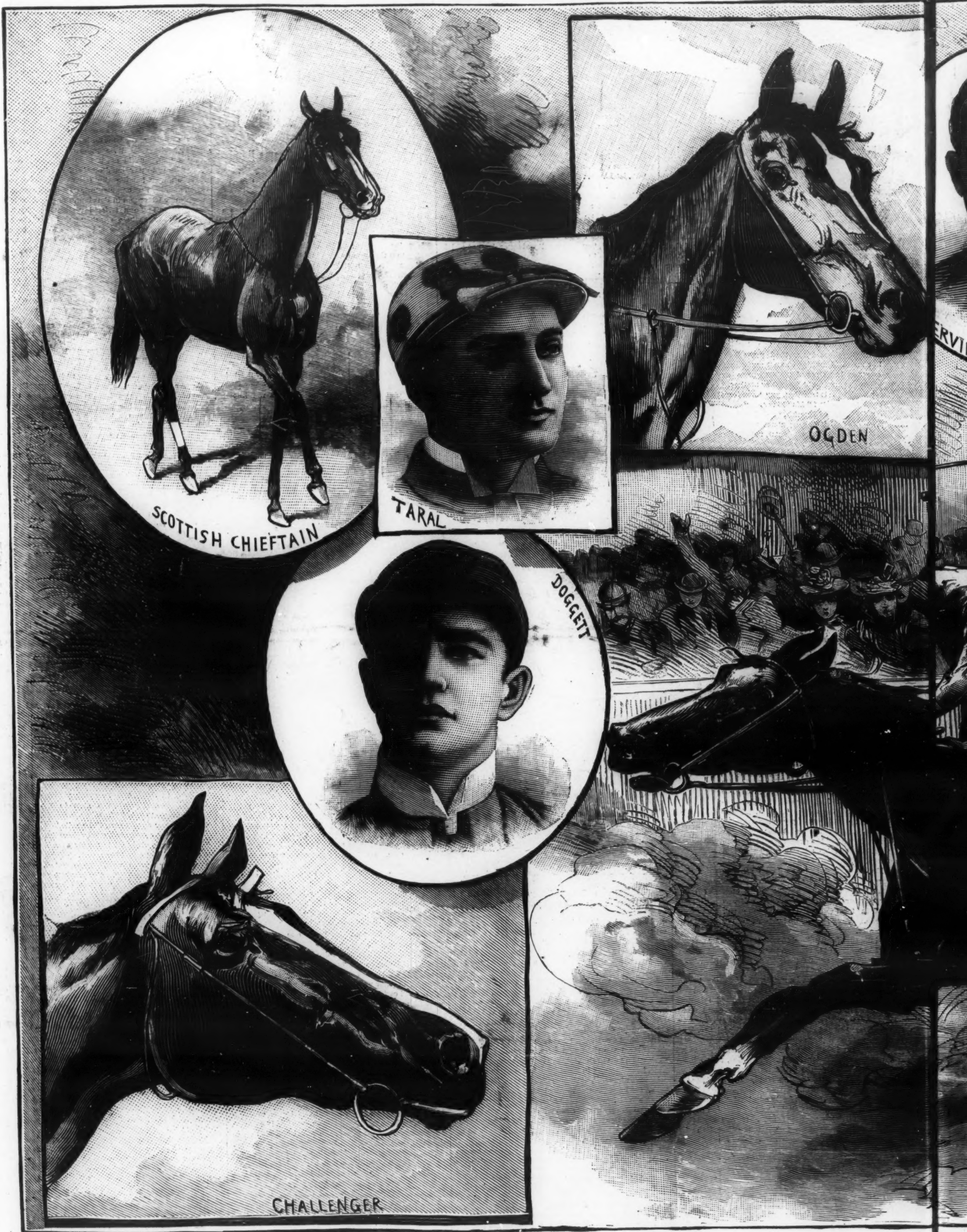
It wasn't a very pleasant awakening William Donahue, of St. Louis, Mo., had the other morning, for when he opened his eyes he found his wife, who had suddenly gone insane, standing over him with a keen knife in her hand, feeling for his heart. With a scream he sprang out of bed, knocked the weapon from her hand and, picking it up, threw it out of a window which was open. Had he slept a few seconds longer he would probably have been killed.

The woman was not responsible, however, because she is and has been afflicted mentally for some time. It was her first violent demonstration. Up to that time her hallucinations had been mild.

With depriving his wife of the knife the trials of the husband did not end. Foiled in her attempt to kill him with the weapon, she attacked him with her teeth, nails and fists. So fierce was the assault that he ran out of the house. Fortunately, a policeman was close at hand, and between the two they managed to overpower the woman. An ambulance was sent for and she was finally overpowered, handcuffed and taken to the hospital.

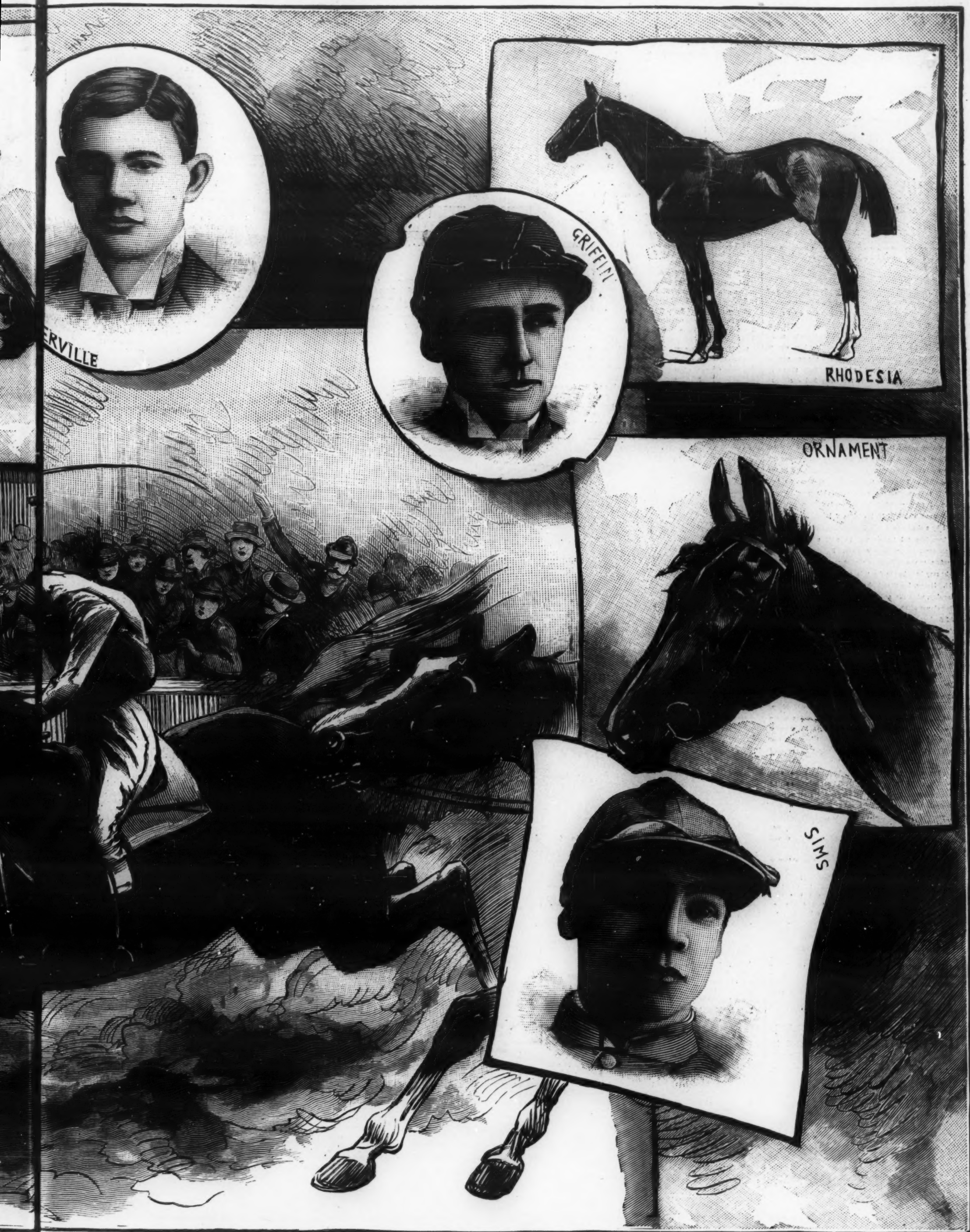
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MARCUS DALY'S COLT, OO

THE COPPER KING'S HORSE PROVES TO BE THE BEST TWO OF  
YOUNGSTERS AT SHEEPSHEAD TU



DO WINNING THE FUTURITY.

WOULD BY BEATING ORNAMENT AND A FLEET-FOOTED LOT OF  
AD TUBERVILLE THE LUCKY JOCKEY.

## CORBETT WILL BE THERE.

Meets Sharkey's Manager at the  
"Police Gazette" Office.

## STUART WILL MAKE AN OFFER

They Will Fight for the Police Gazette  
Championship Belt.

## ALL DETAILS SETTLED ON AUG. 27.

Don J. Lynch, of San Francisco, representing Tom Sharkey, and Corbett's representative, Sam Thall, met at the Police Gazette office last Monday to talk over and perfect, if possible, the plans for the forthcoming fight. A host of prominent sporting and newspaper men listened to the discussion. Corbett himself had intended to be present and so notified Mr. Lynch, but a peremptory call for him to go to Baltimore on important business necessitated his absence, and in view of the fact that W. A. Brady had withdrawn from the pugilistic end of Corbett's management and the latter had decided to look after his own fight affairs, he delegated Mr. Thall to make his excuses and ask Mr. Lynch to make an appointment for a subsequent date. This was acceptable to Sharkey's representative and he agreed to meet Corbett on Thursday, August 27, at the Police Gazette office.

Mr. Thall, however, said he was authorized by Corbett to ask Mr. Lynch to have embodied in the articles of agreement that the "Police Gazette" championship trophy would be involved in the outcome of the fight. This suggestion opened up a theme for discussion and Fitzsimmons' claim to the belt and title were brought into question. It then transpired that Corbett had deposited with Richard K. Fox and with Will J. Davis, of Chicago, \$1,000 each, accompanied by a challenge to fight Fitzsimmons for the title. This money had been deposited for six months, and, according to an unwritten law governing pugilistic contests, Fitzsimmons, by his persistent refusal to accept Corbett's challenge, had forfeited whatever claim he may have had to the title of heavyweight champion of the world. Messrs. Lynch and Thall took this view of the matter and on Thursday, when the articles of agreement are considered, the following clause will be embodied:

*The said Corbett and Sharkey do hereby agree that the contest herein referred to shall involve possession of the Police Gazette Belt, emblematic of the heavyweight championship of the world.*

W. H. Wheelock, who had been delegated by Dan Stuart, of Dallas, to attend the conference, entered at this juncture and his presence brought up the subject of a battle ground. Mr. Wheelock said he had been empowered to make an offer of a purse but preferred not to make known the details until Thursday, when the other preliminary matters were fixed up. He said in effect, however, that Mr. Stuart's offer would compare favorably with any other. Mr. Lynch said that Matchmaker Groom, of the National Athletic Club, of San Francisco, had offered \$30,000 and instructed that Mr. Stuart might be prevailed upon to bid higher, but Mr. Wheelock refused to commit himself. The question of a referee was raised, too, and a lot of names were suggested, but it transpired that the articles did not call for naming the official until noon on the day of the proposed contest when if the two principals fail to agree upon a suitable official, the club giving the purse shall be empowered to select one.

Mr. Lynch said, however, that he did not fear any trouble on that score, as all he and Sharkey want is an even break, no favors and a chance to win on his merits.

"Sharkey hasn't the slightest particle of doubt about his ability to defeat Corbett," said Lynch. "He is putting five thousand dollars of his own money into this stake, and Sharkey is a long way from being chump enough to throw his good money away. Yes, he will fight Corbett in any place on earth—fight him fair and best him, too, in my judgment. He is not a foul fighter, as Eastern sports have been misled to believe. He has had the worst of the refereeing and the judgment of many of the critics has been prejudiced by their friendship for Corbett. The Eastern people will have an opportunity to judge for themselves when they see him at Madison Square Garden sparring with Sullivan next Monday night."

This ended the formal talk, and the principals, after agreeing to meet again, as above, adjourned to partake of the hospitality of the establishment. A lot of talk about fight affairs, the proposed meeting between Sharkey and Corbett being the principal theme, then went on for an hour or two.

## ABBOTT NO MATCH FOR McPARTLAND.

The Ex-Champion of England Outpointed in Eight Rounds.

Stanton Abbott, the ex-champion lightweight boxer of England, was decisively beaten by Kid McPartland, a local boxer, in an eight-round bout before the Ajax Athletic Club, of New York city, on Aug. 16. They came together at 128 pounds, but Abbott seemed to weigh much more. He appeared to be in poor shape and weak. Both men began in a listless sort of way. In the second round Abbott braced up, but could not find McPartland's face. He then tried for the body, but found that McPartland's guard was there all the time. The latter did most of the leading in the third round, but his advances were cleverly blocked. McPartland sent his left several times home in the stomach, which put Abbott in distress. The Kid showed his left twice into Abbott's face, but the blows were only light ones. The Englishman rushed matters in the fourth round, but could not get out of his own way in the fifth. Abbott tried to swing in the sixth, but McPartland punched him hard on the jaw. After this round the bout became interesting. The boys mixed it up somewhat in the last round. McPartland did the better work and received the award.

Joe Bernstein and Charley Kelly next put in an appearance. They shaped it at 119 pounds. The mill was limited to eight rounds. Both were in fine shape. The pair came together with a rush, and they punched with right and left without cessation. Kelly had a shade the better of the exchanges, but his blows were not delivered straight. Kelly was after his man in the second round at the call of time, and managed to get his left home twice on the mouth, bringing the blood. Bernstein made a great rally in the third round and straightened up his opponent with uppercuts on the mouth. In the fourth Kelly crossed Joe twice and made him groggy with a hard left on the jaw. Bernstein recovered quickly and was

at his man like a demon. The lads indulged in fast fighting until the gong sounded.

Kelly smashed Joe in the stomach and on the jaw in the fifth, but Joe kept Charley off with two stingers in the mouth. Bernstein had the advantage of the fighting at long range in the sixth and Kelly had to resort to fighting. The latter, however, got home two beauties just as time was called. The seventh round was very exciting, both boys doing good work. In the last round Bernstein caught Kelly napping and sent him to the floor with a right-handed jolt on the jaw. Kelly was up in an instant, but Bernstein was at him again. Fierce fighting took place until the end. The decision was a draw.

## SPORTING NOTES.

The fast Village Farm team Lucrotia, 2:30, and Rowena, both by Almont, Jr., were burned to death recently.

In 1869 Goldsmith Maid put in three heats below 2:30, the first on record. Now they have to beat 2:10 many times to win free-for-all.

The officials of Harvard and the U. of P. have agreed upon Walter Camp as referee of the football game to be played at Philadelphia, Nov. 1.

Gideon Pierre, champion shot-putter of Canada, and George Johnson of Aberdeen have been matched in Scotland for a series of "heavy" events.

Evan Lewis, "the Strangler," defeated J. Pollard of Hancock, Mich., in a Cornish style wrestling match at the Scottish games held at Janesville, Wis., on Aug. 14.

Sam Liebgold, the champion walker, has been protested for competing on Aug. 1 for the Pastime A. C. and the next day for the Williamsburg A. A., contrary to the three months' clause.

L. T. Eavenport of New York, vanquished John Winston of Indianapolis, in the 100-live-bird challenge shoot at Burnside, Ill., recently. The winner killed ninety-four birds, beating Winston by five.

Marty McOne and Solly Smith are matched to box ten rounds for \$250 a side some time prior to the latter's departure for England, where he fights Willie Smith before the National Sporting Club.

American athletes will be interested in the arrival of a number of Greek athletes in this country. At the head of the party is Spiros Lowes, the Greek peasant who won the run of forty kilometers from Marathon to Athens.

The ninth annual championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States is scheduled to be held at Manhattan Field on Saturday, Sept. 12. A gold medal, emblematic of the championship of the United States, will be given to the winner in each event, a silver medal to second and a bronze medal to third.

Jack Fuller, Favorably Known in the Metropolis as an Athlete and a Boxer.



Jack Fuller, Favorably Known in the Metropolis as an Athlete and a Boxer.

third. Entries, with fee of \$2 for each event, close on Sept. 5, with J. E. Sullivan, No. 241 Broadway, New York city.

Tom Burke, the quarter-mile crack, who has been matched to run Kilpatrick a scratch half mile at the N. Y. A. C. games at Travers Island next month, is in training at Charlesband, Boston. Kilpatrick will go into training shortly.

James Russell, the fancy cake walker who was with Primrose & West's minstrels last year, called at the Police Gazette office recently and expressed a desire to walk Billy Farrell and his wife for the championship of America.

A Boston paper has the following about the veteran Chicago leader: "Anson may take out 'A Runaway Colt' again next season. It depends on whether he can get the play from Author Hoyt. If Anson insists on being an actor it will be necessary to incorporate a hit-by-a-pitched-egg rule into theatrical law."

It is doubtful if the Chicago team could ever be complete in the eyes of old baseball patrons without the presence in right field of James E. Ryan, than whom there are few more popular players in the league. Eleven years of able service under the Anson banner has not dulled the splendid ability of this great fielder.

Billy Hart, the St. Louis pitcher, wants to be an umpire. He said he would make an application to Nick Young next season. All who know Billy will be gratified to see him manipulating the indicator, although his pitching days are not over yet. Pittsburghers generally will wish him success.—Pittsburgh Post.

The English yachting papers criticize Lord Dunraven for entering his yacht Audrey for the cup which he had presented to the Castle Yacht Club some years ago and by winning, preventing Mr. Howard Gould's Niagara from winning the cup outright, the American yacht having won 1 for the two years previous to the race just decided.

The Fat Men's Association will hold its annual outing this year at Berlin's Point, South Norwalk, Conn., on Sept. 3. There will be walking and running races open to fat men weighing over 200 pounds. Valuable silver cups will be given as prizes. Capt. P. H. Murphy will have charge of the arrangements and a fine time is promised those who attend.

Gaudaur received a warm welcome on his arrival in London, where he has gone to prepare for his match with James Stanbury, the Australian champion, involving the championship of the world and a purse of from \$2,500 to \$5,000, which will be decided during the afternoon on Sept. 7. Gaudaur proceeded to Putney, where Clasper is building a new nest for him. The carman said he never felt in better condition.

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## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones  
Who Want To Know.

## QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

Popularity of the "Police Gazette" as  
a Ready Reference for All.

## DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

W. A. E. Tiffin, Ohio.—In a four-handed game of casino (partner game) if my partner builds a ten and the next man to the left takes it in, can I build another ten for him without having one in my own hand, knowing that he still holds his ten?..... No.

S. Baltimore, Md.—A and B playing a game of cribbage. A plays tray, B plays ace; A plays six, B plays tray; A plays seven, B plays deuce; A plays five, B plays four. Does B get a run and how many?..... B counts 9 holes. Seven for a run and 2 for 31.

J. F. G.—A bets he has more money in his pocket than B has, B, of course, not having any money in his pocket; B. not seeing the catch, takes it up and bets he can show more money than A. Which of them wins the bet?..... A catch bet, and nobody wins.

W. T., Dyersville, Ia.—What is the highest running high kick ever made from the solid ground? I have heard of men kicking 9 feet 8 inches from a springboard, but the best from the ground was 9 feet 2 inches..... 9 feet 1 inch is the recognized record from the ground.

W. A. L., Weir City, Kan.—Will you please decide on this question of a game of pitch (11 points in game): A has 10 and 1 to 90, B has 8 and 3 to 90, A gives 3, B gives 3, A makes high the ace, B makes low, Jack and the game, which wins this game?..... A wins.

J. D., Pestigo, Wis.—In a game of 15-ball pool (call shot game)

Jack put for \$1, B stayed; after the draw A bets \$1, B sees the \$1 and raised \$3 more; A only had \$1.50, and putting the \$1.50 in the pot and asked for a sight; B took his \$3 out the pot and gave A the pot. Was it legal for B to take out the whole \$3 or should he give A the sight for \$1.50?..... He had to give a sight for \$1.50.

J. J. C., Inlay City, Mich.—A wagers B that if Pingree is not nominated by the Republican party the Democrats will nominate him; Pingree was nominated by the Republicans on Aug. 6. C wagers A that B will win the bet. In case of the first bet being a draw, do you not consider that all bets resting on that are draws?..... 1. According to your explanation A wins both bets. 2. Yes.

S. L., Nashville, Tenn.—Will you let me know if John L. Sullivan was ever champion pugilist of the world? Also if he got the "Police Gazette" belt when he defeated Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss.? Did that belt represent the championship of America or championship of the world? Please let me know, as I have some money on a bet and you are left as referee..... 1. No. 2. No. 3. Championship of world.

CONSTANT READER, Joliet.—In a game of seven-up I beg, the dealer runs the cards, the same trump turns up after each run until the last two cards. What is the dealer compelled to do; is it to bunch the cards or to turn the cards until there is a trump? Please state who Hoyle was, and if the book called Hoyle is authority on all games. If so, how did it become an authority?..... 1. He must deal again. 2. Hoyle was a celebrated authority on card games.

A CONSTANT READER, New York.—Please decide following in eight-ball pool? A, who has six balls, claims the game, stops as soon as B made five balls, B claiming that the game was not over until all the balls were off the table and A claiming that as soon as the low man could not get enough balls to either beat or tie either man the game was called, even though they were playing off a tie game previous..... As soon as A had 5 and B had 5 balls the game was over and C is stuck.

M. G. S., Anacortes, Wash.—To settle bet, please decide following: A and B are playing a game of draw poker (Jack pots), table stakes, C dealing. A opens pot for one dollar and has one pair of aces. B stays with one pair of kings and puts in one dollar, all the money he has. C stays for one dollar with one pair of jacks. They draw cards. Nobody betters their hand. A passes. B has to, as his money is all in. C bets five dollars. A has money but will not call him and throws up his hand. Who wins, the kings or jacks (the original pot)? B claims he does as his money is all in. A claims C wins. Is there any combination of cards that does not give a man a show for his money playing poker (table stakes) when his money is all in?..... 1. Kings. 2. No.

## FISTIC NOTES.

Maurice Haggerstrom, the "Young Swede," of Providence, is ready to meet any 125-pounder. He prefers a meeting with Kid McPartland.

Jim Jeffries, according to Jim Corbett, will join the ex-champion as soon as his contest with Van Buskirk, which is to take place at San Francisco next month, is settled.

Del Hawkins, of California, through his manager, Jim Corbett, expressed his determination of boxing George Dixon, provided the latter would agree to a meeting at 125 pounds.

The Empire Athletic Club has enjoyed a summer vacation, and its owners are looking forward to Sept. 1 with much pleasure, mixed with troublesome thoughts of bruising competitions.

Tommy White thinks he has an excellent chance to win his match from George Dixon. The fight is practically for the championship of the world, and will take place Sept. 15 before the Broadway A. C. of New York.

Peter Maher has made up his mind to take a trip to Ireland. If nothing goes amiss he will in all probability leave for his native country next week and return in time to begin training for his combat with Joe Choynski.

The ten-round bout at the Trenton Athletic Club, at Trenton, N. J., on Aug. 17, between Joe Butler of Philadelphia, and Walter Johnson of Trenton, was declared by the referee to be "no contest." The affair was very tame. The 500 spectators were disappointed, and openly charged that the affair was a fake.

Charley Kelly's inability to whip Joe Bernstein at the Ajax Athletic Club show the other night brings the latter forward as a championship possibility in the bantam-weight class, and Sammy Myers, a local boxer, is anxious to test his quality, and has posted a deposit at the Police Gazette office to support a challenge to box Bernstein at 118 pounds.

Philadelphia papers containing an account of the recent glove contest between Jimmy Barry and Steve Flanagan lead to the conclusion that Barry did well to secure a referee who was greatly impressed with his style of boxing. Flanagan was afraid to mix it up with the Chicago lad in the first two rounds and so lost the fight. In the other four rounds, however, Flanagan assumed a more aggressive manner and was loudly cheered for his clever work. Barry was punched hard in the fourth round and Flanagan left the ring without a scratch.

The Palm Athletic Club will run a boxing show at the Liberty Theatre, on the Bowery, near Grand street, New York on Wednesday evening, August 26. There will be three ten-round bouts: Solly Smith, who gave George Dixon the fight of his life, will meet Marty McOne ten rounds at 130 pounds. Mike Leonard, the Beau Brummel of the prize ring, will have a hard job with Billy Selfridge, for ten rounds at 133 pounds. Danny McBride will try and best Jack Burge in ten rounds at 128 pounds. Popular prices will prevail, and as the club has a large following on the East Side the house will, no doubt, be packed, as there is a very large advance sale.

## TOMMY RYAN THE WINNER.

He Defeats Dick Moore in a Twenty-round Fight at Buffalo

Tommy Ryan beat Dick Moore, of Minneapolis, in twenty rounds of hard, clean fighting at Buffalo, N. Y., last Thursday night. The battle was pulled off by the Empire A. C. at the Lyceum and attracted 4,000 spectators.

The men entered the ring at 10 o'clock. They were both in superb condition, but Ryan looked particularly fit. In Ryan's corner were Joe Young, young English, and Tom Brady, of Syracuse, while Kid McPartland, Harry Tuttle and Tom McCarthy, of Rochester, were behind Moore. Ryan weighed in at 146 and Moore at 158 pounds. Matchmaker Brooks was the referee.

From the start it was evident that Ryan was master of the situation. Although he lacked the steam and vigor of his opponent, he demonstrated that he was a past master of the fistic art, his work being unusually clever. He landed again and again without return, and had not Moore displayed phenomenal staying qualities the fight would not have lasted over five rounds.

Moore tried repeatedly to land a knockout blow, but Ryan easily evaded his savage swings. At the start Ryan played for his opponent's wind, landing many hard left swings, but apparently with little effect.

Moore was out from head to belt by Ryan's blows. The latter received slight punishment, but was worn out by his own exertions.

In a preliminary bout Luke Stevens, of Salem, Mass., received the decision over Frank Zimpler, of Buffalo, in eight rounds.

## JACK FULLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT]

Jack Fuller, lieutenant of the Valencia Boat Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an all-around athlete of no mean calibre. As an oarsman and runner he is in the first class. His height is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches; his weight 165 pounds. He is to box J. Cashin, of New York, in the near future, twenty rounds. That he is fearless and courageous was shown recently at Coney Island, when, at the risk of his life and after a half hour's struggle, he saved a Miss Del Matthews from a watery grave.

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ball and cushion or cushion and ball; the 15 balls being spotted, the first man playing safe on the first shot fails to hit the balls with one ball. Is it a scratch or not?..... He has three chances at the bunnies.

D. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—Please give the record of Oscar Gardner (the Omaha Kid), his height and weight. Was he recently defeated at Dayton, O., by Billy Welsh, of this city?..... We have not got his measurements. Write to him, care Harry Weldon, Cincinnati Enquirer.

M. K. & G. J., Rocky River, Ohio.—In a game of Pedro A is 20 and B is 20. A bids one, B bids two. B plays high Jack Pedro. A plays low, who wins? A claims that his low would count him out because B bid two and A's low would count before B's Jack would make his two good..... B wins.

I. B., New York.—A and B are playing the game of turn over; A has a nine turned over and B has a ten turned over; it is now B's chance to play; he lifts his cards, but before looking at the next card he notices A's nine and places his ten on top. Decide whether this is a touch?..... It is a touch.

J. H., Crescon, Pa.—A and B engage in a game of casino; A builds eight, B plays a three-spot; A having a four-spot and a seven-spot in his hand builds seven, thus making two builds. B bets A that he can't build twice. Who wins?..... A wins. He can make as many builds as he likes.

J. W. B.—Did John L. Sullivan fight Jake Kilrain for the championship belt and championship of the world? A bet he did not, and B bet he did. I am stakeholder..... They fought for the belt and championship of America. Sullivan did not claim the belt under the conditions, although entitled to it.

T. B. S., Blue Earth City, Minn.—In a game of seven-up, in case I am the dealer and shuffle the deck and the right hand man takes them up and shuffles the deck again and gives them a square out have I not a right to take the deck and give the deck the last shuffle?..... Yes. The dealer has the right to the last shuffle.

L. B. R., Fremont, Ohio.—I am stakeholder on a game of dice and I would like your decision before declaring the winner. The game is as follows (poker dice): A throws full hand in three throws. B ties him in two throws. A says B cannot leave it a tie, but has to take the remaining throw. He can call it a tie.

J. P., Box 346, Atlanta, Ga.—A, B, C and D playing across in five-up, A B partners a d C D partners. It is A's deal to C, and C bets while A is 4, so A gives C 4 with them. It was C's first play and C plays down the tray while A held the ace and A played the ace on the tray. Which is entitled to the game, or rather which wins?..... A and B win.

H. P., Galena, Kan.—Who holds the record of the shortest glove fight in America? There was a bet made here last week that I hold it by knocking out Billy Lambert in 6 seconds, and someone bet that Maxey Haugh holds it. Wasn't Haugh and Kelly fight 10 seconds?..... Haugh knocked Kelly out in 6 seconds. There is no record of your having knocked Lambert out in that time.

J. H. N., Ocean Grove, N. J.—A and B playing poker; A opens a

# AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Fitz Comes Back Ready to Talk With Reason.

WILL SHARKEY HOLD OFF?

New Orleans May Again be the Scene of Pugilistic Excitement.

AN ENTERPRISING MATCHMAKER.

A long-suffering but indulgent public will learn with regret that Bob Fitzsimmons is again with us. His experiences in England, coupled with his futile efforts before going away to fight himself on the people as a desirable attraction for show purposes, has convinced him that his only forte is fighting and blacksmithing, and he returns to us full of hope that the pugilistic future holds something in store for him.

Fitzsimmons is to be congratulated upon having an enthusiastic admirer as Dan Stuart. He is the one man who seems to have abiding faith in the Australian's promises to fight; the one man who believes that when the hindmost part of his anatomy is bumping upon the cobble stones of impetuosity, Fitz will be amenable to reason, and that a little good counsel and argument will open his eyes to the necessity of making a fight with Corbett.

The Australian is in that condition now. He was a failure here before going to England. He lost a good part of the money he received for fighting Maher in trying to pose in the public eye as a champion worthy of the distinction of being a successor to Sullivan and Corbett; the English sporting people, despite the fact that they harbored a personal dislike for the Californian, refused to accept Fitzsimmons as the legitimate holder of the title, and his presence in the English metropolis as well as in the provinces was a frost. He realizes that in the opinion of the public he is not the champion, and the only way he can acquire the distinction to which he aspires is by fighting and defeating Corbett. As long as his pockets were full the Australian refused to realize his position, but a depleted exchequer has paved the way to an argument at least, and Dan Stuart may be able to bring him to terms.

As I lack the latter's confidence I cannot alter my oft-expressed belief that Fitzsimmons is afraid to fight Corbett, and this deeply rooted opinion will exist until I see the two men together in the ring.

Dan Stuart is right in saying that the public is indifferent about the outcome of the Corbett-Sharkey affair; there is a pretty well-defined belief that it will be too one-sided to attract much notice. He may take the managerial end of it as a side issue, but will concentrate all his energies toward bringing Corbett and the Australian together.

There is no denying the fact that this is the fight the public wants and the only one in which there will be any financial profit to the projectors. The volume of talk that has been going on for several years has influenced the people, and no matter how the conditions differ now from what they were when the battle was first agitated, a fight between them fills the public eye quite as much now as it did when the subject was first broached.

If the probabilities of a fight with Fitzsimmons were at all promising, I fancy Corbett might easily be induced to forfeit to Sharkey, and this, I think, will be the plan pursued when the whole thing settles down to a base of action. Sharkey would lose nothing by deferring his expectations of acquiring championship glory. To jump in a single bound from comparative obscurity to the pinnacle of pugilistic fame is, of course, a commendable ambition, but a defeat at the hands of Corbett would only serve to relegate him back to obscurity, while by fighting his way up the ladder of fame as many others have done, notably his illustrious predecessor, John L. Sullivan, he will have added to his record, accumulated money without and gained the confidence of that public which now is disposed to look upon his championship aspirations as presumptuous and unwarranted. For him to defeat Corbett would mean his pugilistic eminence, but at the same time it would serve as a barricade against further victories, and of what use is a title to a man if its very possession prevents him earning a livelihood in his chosen vocation. A championship title is not a valuable possession except to a man like Corbett who is able to use it in exploiting other talents. I am told that Sharkey is not ambitious to shine in the theatrical constellation, so that the title would be valueless to him as an accessory to histrionic success. A fortune may be made out of a succession of encounters with such men as Maher, Slavin, Fitzsimmons, Mitchell, Creedon, Goldard, etc., etc., and having demonstrated his quality by defeating these, the public would clamor for Sharkey to enter the ring as a claimant for the highest honor that may be won.

I only use this argument to show that Sharkey would be a gainer by Corbett forfeiting to him if a possibility presented itself for a match with Fitzsimmons.

Personally I have little, if any, hope of such a thing happening.

If Charley Genslinger continues to pursue the methods he has already adopted to bring the Bohemian Sporting Club into prominence, he will cause an epidemic of broken hearts among the projectors of rival organizations. He has taken, as a basis for his operations, that a pugilist likes to know what he is fighting for, and instead of following the example of many of the sure-thing matchmakers, who stand to lose nothing by dividing the receipts upon a percentage basis, he believes in giving the fighters a certainty in the shape of purses sufficiently large to be remunerative, while yet leaving a goodly margin of profit for the club.

Genslinger's idea is good in the abstract, but his rivals are ready to advance arguments calculated to show where it is to the fighters' interests to be partners in the enterprise. At any rate, Genslinger is firmly rooted to the conviction that his plan is the only equitable one. He threw a bomb into the camp of the managerial fraternity one day last week by offering a purse of \$3,500 for a decisive bout between Lavigne and Everhardt, and followed this up by a touching appeal to Scully Bill Quinn and Dick O'Brien to settle their long-pending trouble under the auspices of his club, offering as an inducement a trifle in the shape of \$2,500. As it would soon eat up the wealth of a Ceresus to run a boxing club upon such a liberal line, the rival managers are predicting an early demise for Genslinger's enterprise.

It is a singular coincidence that, instead of jumping at the golden bait offered them, Lavigne and Everhardt are toying with it, in the expectation that some more generous projector will raise the ante fifteen hundred or so, while Scully and his rival were so paralyzed with astonishment at Genslinger's liberality in their case that they have preferred to remain under the spell of the offer rather than awaken to find it all a possible dream.

Genslinger has a well-defined idea, however, of how a sporting club can be conducted with profit, and his methods will be carefully watched by all the rival promoters.

The followers of pugilistic happenings will be overjoyed to learn that steps have been taken to get a bill through the Louisiana legislature to permit boxing under the same restrictions imposed by the Horton law now in operation in New York State. If the enterprising gentlemen who are manipulating matters are successful we may look forward to a return of the halcyon era when everything went in the Crescent City and the inhabitants were always on the tip-toe of pugilistic expectation. New Orleans did more to boom the fistic game than any other city in the country, and that the promoters met with encouraging success was a tribute to their energy and sportsmanlike enterprise.

They paid liberally for attractions and got what they wanted. The public had confidence in the men behind the clubs, and the fighters, too, realized all that was promised them. Under such satisfactory conditions everything went along smoothly until the "hammer throwers" began their work, and it was not long before the game was knocked higher than a balloon by the legislature passing a bill making glove contests unlawful.

The sentiment of the people who were foremost in agitating the opposition seems to have undergone a change, for I have it from an authoritative source that if the right people take hold of the thing a bill containing a remedy can be passed. Things are now being shaped to this end; in fact the plan has progressed far enough to give encouragement. This will be welcome news to the fraternity.

While many persons are in doubt as to the merit of "Tom" Sharkey's performance against Corbett, yet there is a unanimous desire to see the man who came out of a four-round reel with the former champion and showed nothing worse than a puffed eye. This natural curiosity will be gratified on August 31, when the new star of the pugilistic firmament will appear at Madison Square Garden. His opponent will be the once champion of champions, John L. Sullivan. Followers of the ring naturally ask why a younger and quicker man is not pitted against Sharkey, and that is easily answered. Sharkey is matched to fight Corbett to a finish next December, and his contract with Corbett calls for his keeping out of all manner of boxing bouts till after the big fight, the spirit of which seems to be that if Sharkey should happen to be bested by any one, enough to lose any prestige, Corbett might deem the contract broken and lay claim to forfeit money, while if he went on with people and bested them or broke even there would probably be no objection. It will be seen, therefore, if Sharkey meets any one in the East, he is doing so at his own peril.

Sharkey does not believe that Sullivan can do any harm, but the Boston boy may hustle the new aspirant for the championship more than he anticipates. Sharkey is referred to in the West as the new John L. Sullivan, and it will be decidedly interesting to see a boxing match between the original strong boy from Boston and the new Hercules of the ring from the Pacific Slope.

Parson Davies, who is handling John L. Sullivan, writes that Sullivan has walked a straight line for some months past, with the result that he is in very good physical condition. There can be no question that the thousands of friends Sullivan has in New York will turn out to see the old Gladiator put up his hands, and it is questionable if the man who held the heavyweight championship against all comers for twelve years will not prove as great an attraction as Sharkey.

All indications point to the probability of George Dixon and Tommy White being the first pair to test the new law involving glove contests and boxing exhibitions in New York

# IN PUGILISTICA'S REALM.

Another Australian Pugilist Coming to America.

HALL AFTER FITZ AGAIN.

Steve O'Donnell Beat Heavyweight Jack Cusick in Seven Minutes.

PURTELL WANTS TO FIGHT WALCOTT.

Jimmy Barry is to go under Parson Davies' management again.

Jim Corbett says that he will not start to train for his coming struggle with Sharkey until Aug. 28.

Steve O'Donnell whipped the Western heavyweight, Jack Cusick, in 7 minutes at Schenectady, N. Y., on Aug. 16.

It is reported that Billy Leedom of Philadelphia has been engaged to assist in training Jim Corbett for his match with Tom Sharkey.

Joe Walcott and Tom O'Rourke have patched up their grievances and in the future Walcott will be handled by his former manager.

If half the boxing clubs talked of us as we do and do business in the fall, New York will break all records for entertaining pugilists.

The new building of the Bohemian Sporting Club in New York will be formally opened on Sept. 1. While it is not a palace, its four-story structure makes it imposing and the inside is admirably suited to boxing and other athletic purposes. The object of

to shape it with Frank Erne, but refused to entertain a proposition to meet Joe Gans as he declares he will not fight colored men.

The new Homestead Athletic Club, of New York, has signed Sammy Kelly and an unknown to box ten rounds at its inaugural boxing tournament on Aug. 29. Jimmy Rose and Jimmy Purcell and Tom Tolly and Ed Brown have also been signed.

Joe Bernstein's fine showing against Charley Kelly has stirred some of the local bantams to action. Sammy Meyers is very sure that he can lower Joe's colors, and desires a battle with him at 118 pounds. Meyers has posted a forfeit to arrange a meeting.

Eddie Currie says he is much surprised at not hearing anything from Tommy Dixon as regards a match. Currie says that Dixon must be either afraid or not anxious to fight him, or else he thinks he would respond before this. Currie is open to fight any 125-pounder.

An attempt will be made this week to match Steve O'Donnell and Paddy Slavin in a limited round bout. Slavin says that he will meet O'Donnell at any time or place the latter designates. The pair may come together the latter part of next month before one of the Buffalo, N. Y., clubs.

Harry Styles, the local colored boxer, has received an offer to meet Joe Gans, of Baltimore, in a limited round bout. Styles says he is willing to fight and will sign articles as soon as they are received in this city. If Gans and Styles agree to fight they will come together at 128 pounds.

The 125-pound boxing tournament to be given under the auspices of Johnny Clark at Philadelphia will have a big list of entries from all parts of the State. The winner will earn all he gets, for Philadelphia has more four round crack boxers than any other place in the world.

Charley Johnson, the welterweight boxer who recently defeated Jim McCoy in Massachusetts, is anxious to box Charley McKeever, and will meet him at 138 pounds for either a limited-round or finish contest. If McKeever won't box him Johnson will meet any man in the country under 145 pounds. First come first served.

The Pastime Athletic Club, of New York, has arranged the following boxing tournament to be held on Tuesday, Sept. 1, at 3 P. M.: Dave Wall, of this city, vs. Eddie Munster, 15 rounds, at 118 pounds; Martin McCue vs. Tom McGirr, 10 rounds, at 120 pounds, and Jack Delaney vs. Jerry Reidy, 10 rounds, at 130 pounds.

Peter Maher intends challenging Corbett, we are told. And by way of apology Peter says he "would not do this were it not that Corbett is willing to take on men like Sharkey." If Jim can afford to fight Sharkey, who has no reputation at all, Peter argues that the champion has no valid reason for refusing to match with the Irishman.

Charlie White of New York will send the necessary funds to Tim Hoggerty, the featherweight champion of Australia, with which he can journey to this country from Melbourne, where he is now located. If the negotiations are carried out successfully Hoggerty, on his arrival here, will at once challenge George Dixon for the feather stake and purse.

Dick Burge's retirement from the ring may be delayed if Kid Lavigne will consent to meet the English boxer in a return fight at a weight which will not bring the latter into the ring weakened by excessive training. Burge has \$7,500 to \$8,000 to wager on such a contest, but it must take place in England. Lavigne, however, is seeking for soft marks.

"Tom" Sharkey, who fought a four-round draw in San Francisco recently with J. J. Corbett, is to make his bow at Madison Square Garden on the 31st inst., when he will meet John L. Sullivan in a bout of four rounds. Sharkey is matched to fight Corbett to a finish for \$10,000 a side next December, and one clause of the articles of agreement provides that Sharkey must refrain from fighting in the interim. On that account Sullivan was selected on the supposition that he could do the California Hercules no harm, an idea that may possibly be upset.

The Olympic Club, of San Francisco, inaugurated the English idea of having the referee sit outside the ring at the July 31 meeting. Harry Corbett, who refereed, found it easier to judge the bouts under the old system, and the innovation gave satisfaction to boxers and spectators alike. The contestants worked faster than if they were hampered by having a third person in the ring, and they broke clean on the referee's call. There are so many advantages in having the official outside the ropes that it is hardly necessary to enumerate them. Now that an American institution has broken away from conventional methods, it remains to be seen whether others will follow.

Since returning from my trip to the New England States I have tried to get on a contest with Charley McKeever, but have not heard anything from him. I believe that McKeever wants Lavigne to box him at 138 pounds. I can't see why he should refuse to meet me at that weight. I am willing to box him before any club and for a reasonable sized purse. If McKeever can't get below the welterweight figure he should quit masquerading as a lightweight. If he will not meet me I am open to box any man in the world under 150 pounds, Tommy Ryan, Tommy West, Paddy Partell, Paddy Gorman, Dick O'Brien and Billy Smith preferred. First come first served.

Paddy Partell, the hard-hitting welterweight champion of the Northwest, recently sent on his acceptance for the proposed match with Joe Walcott to be tendered before the Union Park Athletic Club some time next month. Jack Hermann, the matchmaker, has been in communication with Howie Hodgkins, of Boston, Walcott's manager, but the latter is disposed to demur about the weight. He wants Partell to go into the ring with him at 140 pounds. This difference, however, will be easily adjusted, as Walcott is anxious to make one more fight in this country before going to England, where he meets Tommy Tracy before the National Sporting Club of London.

In response to an invitation to be present at the meeting to organize the National Sporting League, John L. Sullivan sent the following from Boston:

Boston, Aug. 14th, 1896.  
GENTLEMEN OF THE SPORTING LEAGUE—Dear Sirs: You have my hearty support in your new undertaking. It pleases me to see some body of men start in this newest of progressions, as Mr. Davies and myself were one of the first to suggest the idea. All you have to do is to keep the art up to the proper pitch and you will be successful. What I mean by that is to keep the boxers in their place, and to recognize none but those who will be a credit to any, as all clubs who may secure their services, and then nothing will succeed like success. You can count on me as one of yourselves. Trusting that you are one and all well, I am, yours respectfully,  
JOHN L. SULLIVAN,  
Clarendon Hotel, Boston.

P. S.—Davies and I go away during your meeting, so cannot be there. Am sorry.

HON. R. A. GUINNESS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The winner of the highest amateur aquatic honors in the world, the Diamond Sculls, at Henley this year was the Hon. R. A. Guinness. The gentleman who, by the way, is a son of Lord Iveagh of Dublin Stout fame, also won the Diamonds at Henley in 1895 and the Wingfield Sculls for amateurs' championship from Putney to Mortlake in 1896 after a desperate race to Barnes Bridge against Vivian Nickalls. The latter won the championship last year as Guinness, who was going well to Hammersmith, sprained his wrist, due to using an odd pair of sculls.

Guinness and his younger brother, E. A., who has just left Eaton, was defeated by Dr. W. S. McDowell of Chicago, in the Diamonds, have been rowing in the Thames R. C. eight. They were in the winning crew at Walton-on-Thames, Kingston, and Slaines regatta. The pair also won the Senior Pairs at Slaines regatta while E. A. Guinness won Senior Sculls at Kingston. They both go up to Trinity College, Cambridge, this fall.

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Hon. R. S. Guinness, Winner of the '96 Diamond Sculls at Henley.

State. They are now matched to box twenty rounds for the featherweight championship, under the auspices of the Broadway Athletic Club, on Sept. 21. The bout will serve as an admirable test for the purpose intended; both boys are known to be clever, scientific boxers and clean hitters and if the police officials are disposed to exercise their authority they will have little excuse for doing so, and thus a precedent will be established to serve for illustrative purposes in the light of emergencies that may afterwards arise.

Matchmaker O'Rourke's wisdom in bringing this pair together for the initial show of the club is to be commended. He had the option of engaging a fine pair of big fellows—namely, Maher and Choyinski—but a match between them with the inevitable knockout would have brought the organization into bad repute at the outset, and as long as the authorities display a friendly feeling it would be the height of folly to do anything that would bring about a conflict.

Speaking of White and Dixon reminds me that the local fistic ranks have received an acquisition during the past week in the person of Dal Hawkins, who came from California in Corbett's retinue. Hawkins is a featherweight of some prominence on the Pacific coast and comes East with the expectation of getting something to do. I sized him up when I met him the other night as a likely looking fellow who is liable to give Dixon, White or Erne a lot of trouble. He said he would like to take the Buffalo lad on at 125 pounds. Corbett tells me that Hawkins is without doubt the best lad of his weight on the coast, clever, heady and game, but that is Corbett's opinion, and considering how far he was astray on Young Green and Steve O'Donnell it wouldn't do to reckon too much on him as a pugilistic tout; however, it looks as if he were on a good one this time. Hawkins' record speaks for itself.

SAM AUSTIN.

Dr. Stucky, the Colonels' president, has great faith in Manager McGunagle's ability to whip those Louisville fledglings into shape for next season. There are plenty of raw, green striplings on the Louisville team, but a dearth of seasoned timber. McGunagle should reach out next winter for a few of the old guard to steady his recruits.

Orth, of the Philadelphia, is copying the underhand movement of Billy Rhines. This motion, though an old swing, is new to the majority of the major league batsmen, and therein lies its effectiveness. It is probable that many of the pitchers will practice this underhand scheme and spring it next season. Joe Corbett is practicing this movement.

GAYEST OF THE GAY!  
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this new club is to cater to a class of persons who, though lovers of sport, prefer to gratify their tastes under conditions insuring exclusiveness and privacy.

Brigham Hale of Danville, and Reddy Connelley of Wilkesbarre, fought a 3-round draw near Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently for a purse of \$100.

Joe Choyinski and Joe McAniff, the big Pacific Coast heavyweight, who was such a failure in the ring, will meet in "Prisco" on Aug. 28 in an eight-round bout.

Danny Needham, Tom Sharkey's trainer, has been matched to box Dick Moore in this city four rounds. This will be Needham's first appearance in the East.

Al. Allen, the clever bantam of the East side, would like to meet either Maxey Haugh, Patsy Haley or Danny McMahon, at 115 pounds before any club for a suitable purse.

Jim Hall says that if he gets out of his present financial trouble he will not sail for South Africa. He has not given up hopes as yet of getting a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons.

Jake Kilrain has signed articles of agreement to box Frank P. Slavin of Australia, a limited number of rounds on Sept. 7 for a side bet of \$500 and a purse offered by the Eureka Athletic Club.

Dal Hawkins, the California featherweight, who arrived in New York with Jim Corbett, wants to fight any 125-pound man hereabouts. Hawkins met Solly Smith a few years ago and was defeated.

A letter has been received from Kid McCoy, stating that he has arrived in South Africa and is looking for a go. McCoy says that if he is successful he will not return to America for a long time to come.

Tom Moriarty, of Holyoke, who recently fought Stanton Abbott twenty rounds, is in line for a heated engagement with any 128 or 150 pounder. Moriarty is spoken of as a good two-handed lightweight.

Another effort will be made to bring about a meeting between those two dusky knights of the ring, Joe Walcott and Scully Bill Quinn. Walcott, who is now under Tom O'Rourke's management, is willing to sign articles for a match.

Articles of agreement were signed at the "Police Gazette" office recently for a ten-round bout between Larry Burns, of Cohoes, N. Y., and Johnny Gorman, of Long Island City, to take place at Cohoes, N. Y., on Labor Day, September 7.

Mike Leonard met Dal Hawkins in front of the Glissey House, New York, the other afternoon. Jim Corbett introduced the pair, after Leonard got through sizing Hawkins up he said that he was ready to make a match with him at 133 pounds. Hawkins, who is said to be remarkably clever, announced that he would like



THIS TRAMP WAS TOASTED.  
HE HAD COMMITTED AN AWFUL CRIME NEAR ST. JOSEPH,  
LA., AND CERTAINLY DESERVED HIS FATE.



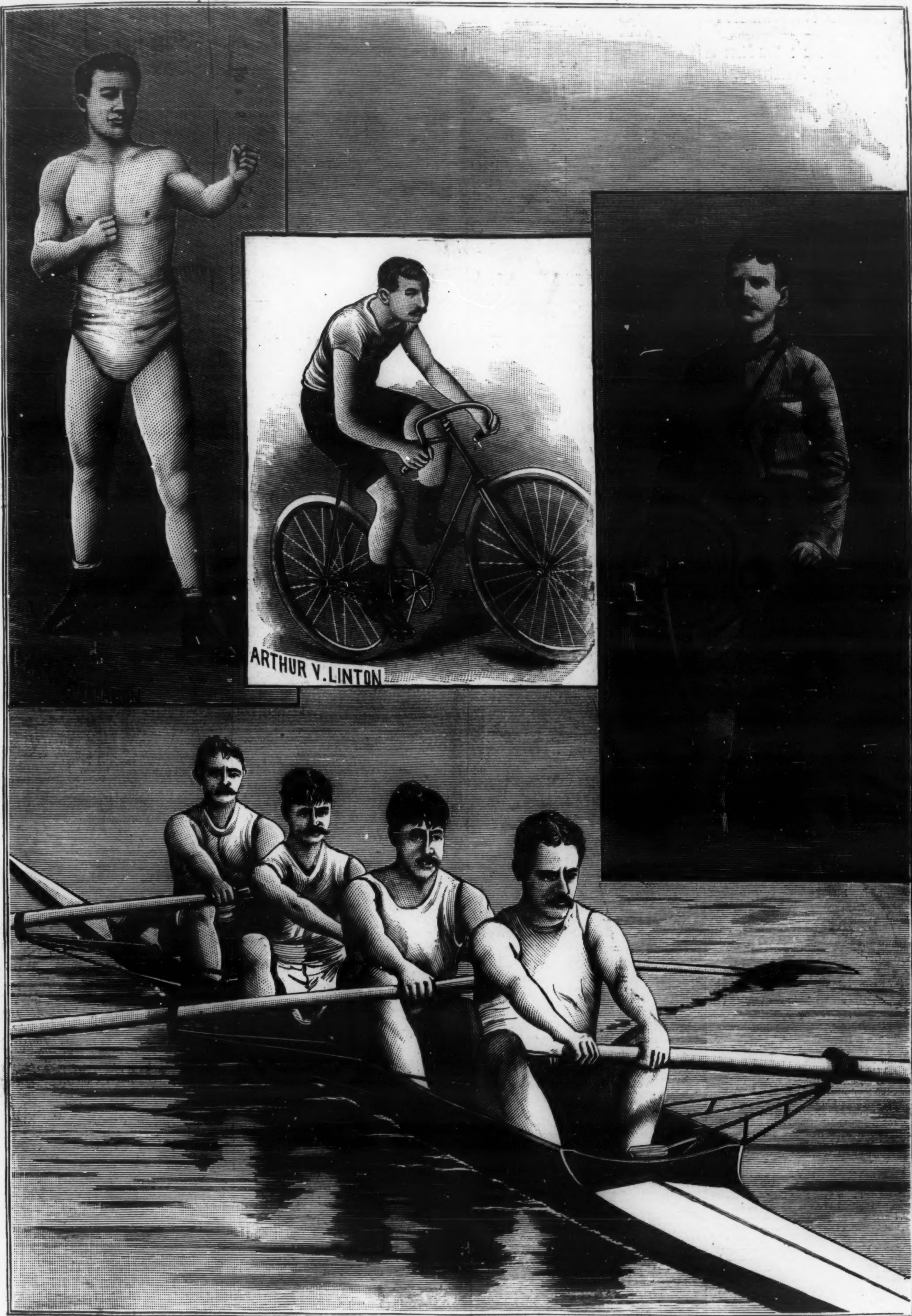
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Barbers Who Have Entered in the Contest For the Trophy

	Votes.
N Graciano, 126 E. Houston St., New York.....	406
J Voia, 256 W. Tenth St., New York City.....	401
G R Zannelli 299 E. 103rd St., New York.....	313
N Carcone, 1714 Market St., Denver, Col.....	255
J Kalb, 1616 Fifty-first St., Chicago, Ill.....	247
J Helms, 406 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	231
J F Crosby, 234 Eaton St., Peoria, Ill.....	231
A. Pascoello, 87 6th Ave., New York.....	160
F Perry, 481 Eighth St., Oakland, Cal.....	125
J A Dutra, 74 Grinnell St., New Bedford, Mass.....	121
Uriah Millard, Mahanoy City, Pa.....	122
Harry Packall, 94 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	106
R. Bittner, Jr., 1224 Cookale St., Baltimore, Md.....	102
H W Bennug, 605 Hamilton St. Allentown, Pa.....	100
M Cliff, 45 Bowery, Newark, N. J.....	90
Joseph Greco, 863 10th Ave., New York.....	89
P Brienzo, 865 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J.....	82
M Barcl, 585 Grand St., New York.....	73
J Corry, 284 Grand St. Paterson, N. J.....	64
Leopold Clements, 140 7th Ave., New York.....	53
Joe Bongiorno, 116 Willow Ave., Hoboken, N. J.....	53
F H Lester, 1016 Sixteenth St., Omaha, Neb.....	51
J Leyhan, 329 Augusta St., Chicago, Ill.....	51
H Stegeman 241 W. King St., Lancaster City, Pa.....	50
S Insalato, 2608 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.....	48
Mike Zarro, 247 Bank street, Newark, N. J.....	46
M Lisanti, 18 Dover St., New York.....	45
J Johnson, 24 Fifth Ave. Newark, N. J.....	42
W Lauterback Herman Ave Guttenberg N. J.....	40
A Burchardt, 2919 Schouploulous St, New Orleans, La.....	35
August Baldus, 426 W. Girard Ave., Phila., Pa.....	33
P Unger, Glenway and 3rd Ave., Price Hill, O.....	33
P A Volm, 715 Hamp St., Quincy, Ill.....	33
C Owens, Perry St., New York.....	32
Peter De Pietro, 3 Vintou St., Providence, R. I.....	31

Chester Parks 609 Walnut St Easton Pa.....	39
W S Schuman, 8th & Hamilton Av Allentown Pa.....	29
J Panarello, 284 Third Ave. New York.....	28
J W St. Clair, 133 Broadway, Long Branch, N. J.....	28
James E. Truex, 534 18th St., Denver, Col.....	28
D Colugoio, 219 Park Row, New York.....	27
M Schultz 2124 Baurbin St New Orleans La.....	26
A P Brickner, 29 E Maple St., York, Pa.....	26
Donofrio Bros, 808 2nd Ave., New York.....	25
F Marshall, Freeland, Luzerne county, Pa.....	25
C F Gerstenberg, 2179 S 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.....	25
J. R. Corwell, 1535 Main St., Columbia, S. C.....	24
Y. Yago, 31 Klagg Ave., Trenton, N. J.....	24
A Williams, 416 Druid Hill Ave, Baltimore, Md.....	23
Peter J. Moore, 617 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.....	23
S Mercurio, 399 Warren St, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	23
A T Insalato, 118 W. Thirteenth Pl., Chicago, Ill.....	23
A Staffebach, 19 Mission St. San Francisco, Cal.....	23
J. Meinken, 402 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago.....	22
Maurice White, Presque Isle, Me.....	22
J D Bredimus, 385 Fifteenth Ave., Newark, N. J.....	21
A Pelot, 300 Ridge St., Alton, Ill.....	20
T F Pace, 602 Hick St., Brooklyn.....	20
F De Salvo 32 Park Place New York city.....	20
E. W. Dennis, 259 S. 4th St., Columbus, O.....	20
G Ingold, 560 Bloomfield Ave Bloomfield N. J.....	20
G Heck, 268 West Fifty-third St., New York.....	19
C S Georgian, 637 H St., N W Washington, D C.....	19
J Kriewein 13 Paterson St Paterson N. J.....	19
E M Monyers, 107 E. Broad St., Burlington, N. J.....	19
C Gogg, 310 Washington St., Wausau, Wis.....	17
A Montayne, 571 Grove St., Jersey City, N. J.....	17
J Durant, 1369 First avenue.....	17
F. A. Bellucci, Flushing, L. I.....	17
J Hettinger, 40 Orange St., Albany, N. Y.....	16
L Carraby, 200 Dauphine St., New Orleans, La.....	16
H. Collins, Texas, Baltimore Co., Md.....	16
J Camara, 480 Dorchester Ave, Boston, Mass.....	15
H C Cousins, Arlington Hotel, Louisville, Ky.....	15
P. Delos, 267 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	15
G Fortanosi, 1353 Columbus Ave. New York.....	15
Thos. A. Scollito, 2186 1st Ave., New York.....	14
E G Zuber, 15 St & Benton St, St. Louis Mo.....	14
D Geordino, 194 Main St., Astoria, L I C.....	14
W. L. Boyle, 4543 Marion St., W. Phila., Pa.....	14
Ester Westrich, 193 E. 3rd Street, New York.....	14
G Remaglin, 705 Seneca St, Buffalo, N. Y.....	14
W Weismantel, 9 Broadway, Ft Wayne, Ind.....	13
T Levernois, 72 Main St., Woonsocket, R I.....	13
Sills N P B, 219 Heckton St, Conshohocken, Pa.....	13
F H Leist, 2511 Wentworth Ave. Chicago, Ill.....	12
E Denny, Main St, Irvington, N. Y.....	12
P St Kochan, 400 Poplar St, Phila, Pa.....	11
Thos. B. Bond, 323 E. 26th St., New York.....	11
C. Di Franco, 410 Greenwich St., New York.....	11
F Beck, Park Place, Hudson, N. Y.....	11
Al Thompson, 100 18th Ave., Minneapolis.....	11
H Radeck Hotel Cosmopolitan New York city.....	11
S Herrick, 70 Montgomery St., New York.....	11
L A Blake, Key West, Fla.....	11
M Bratigman, 2347 N 28th St. Phila. Pa.....	11
J J Cleve, 26 French St., New Brunswick, N. J.....	11
S Muller, 101 W. Water St., Decorah, Ia.....	10
G Thompson, West Union, Iowa.....	10
J D McLane, Camden, S C.....	10
G Attanaro, 3 Temple St, Paterson, N. J.....	10
G Wiesel, Bradford, Pa.....	10
J S Evans, 1313 W. Forty-seventh St., Chicago, Ill.....	10
G. Kindler, 1222 Teutonia Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.....	10
G Roch, 117 W. Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.....	10
G D Grieco, 465 W 42d St., New York.....	10
Chas. Dawson, Lawrenceburgh, Ind.....	10
V Bellino, 741 3rd Ave., New York.....	10
J S Santos, 39 Hunter St Stockton, Cal.....	10

[A record will be kept of those receiving less than ten votes, but their names will not be published in this column.]

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# WITH THE BALL PLAYERS.

Hanlon Thinks Pretty Well of  
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JOE CORBETT PLAYING BALL.

Reach and Spalding Have Made Millions  
Since Leaving the Diamond.

DWYER'S RECORD AS A TWIRLER.

Joe Harrington, released by Boston, has signed with Kansas City in the Western League.

Ed Hanlon believes that Joe Corbett, brother of the pugilist, has the making of a good infielder.

Ely, of the Pittsburgs, holds the sacrifice hit record of the year, having twenty-two hits to his credit.

Kid Gleason says a ton weight was removed from his mind when Joyce succeeded him as captain of the Giants.

Pitcher Lampe, late on the New York and Philadelphia payrolls, now is playing in the New England League.

Scrappy Joyce, so it is whispered, will bring his diplomacy to bear on Andy Freedman, with a view to settling the Rube case.

Charley Nichols, the star pitcher of the Bostons, has a great fielding average so far this year. He has yet to make an error.

Umpire McFarland says that in the future he will not listen to players' blackguardism. He is getting tamed to umpiring work.

Manager Hanlon, of the Baltimores, says he would not take \$15,000 for "Mugsey" McGraw. Washington offered him \$5,000.

Gettinger, the New York's new pitcher, hails from Hagerstown, Md. He was recommended by the manager of the Cuban Giants.

The excellent judgment used in selecting his pitchers for the different clubs by Ed Hanlon has landed his Baltimore Club in first place.

Joyce's success with the Giants falls utterly to corroborate the weak theory lately put forth that he depends upon "bull luck" to win games.

Arthur Clarkson, the pitcher, has been released by the Baltimore club and won't get a piece of the Temple Cup money.



James E. Ryan, Chicago's Great Right Fielder.

Clarkson was received by the Baltimore club from St. Louis in exchange for Kissinger and Bonner.

Captain O. Pat Tobean has again aired his views on the league race of 1896. He thinks Boston and Cincinnati will fight it out for third place. Knowing fellow is Pat.

Glasscock and Bert Inks were recently tried in a St. Paul police court for insulting a colored woman who was riding a bicycle. The charge was not proved and they escaped.

Frank Dwyer, the twirler of Ewing's Reds, holds the record in the number of successful games won this season. He has pitched the Reds into thirteen consecutive victories.

If Baltimore wins the pennant this season it will be practically with the same team that won it in 1894, only two changes having been made. It pays to keep together a winning combination.

Charley Comiskey expects to realize \$15,000 clear profit out of the St. Paul team of the Western League this season. Another in for league veteran, Jimmy Manning, will make \$10,000 in Kansas City.

Business Manager Pullman favors a presiding judge in baseball, the same as in racing—a man who will suspend players for rowdiness on the field and compel team managers to make their men play decent ball.

Fifteen years ago Al Reach was worth \$10,000. To-day he is rated as a millionaire. He is one of two ball players who have become millionaires since they left the diamond for good. The other is Al Spalding.

The fanatic Louisville fool-killer, who offered to bet \$500 that the Colonels would finish the season ahead of Buck's Reds, has given an imitation of the man who struck Billy Patterson by flogging by himself and mysteriously disappearing.

Baltimore and Washington are through with each other for the season, Baltimore taking ten out of the twelve games. New York and Brooklyn are also through with each other, the series standing eight to four in favor of New York.

Charley Comiskey's St. Paul team struck a winning streak and led the Western league teams in the pennant race. The St. Paul papers waxed enthusiastic over the team and promised a banquet and a deluge of presents, whereas the Apostles fell on a toboggan, and have been losing ever since.

Arthur Clarkson has a grievance against Ed Hanlon. Arthur opines that he was carried along on the Baltimore payroll so long that Ed should have waited till after the ball was over in September before releasing him. It is evident that Arthur was figuring on a share of the Temple Cup money.

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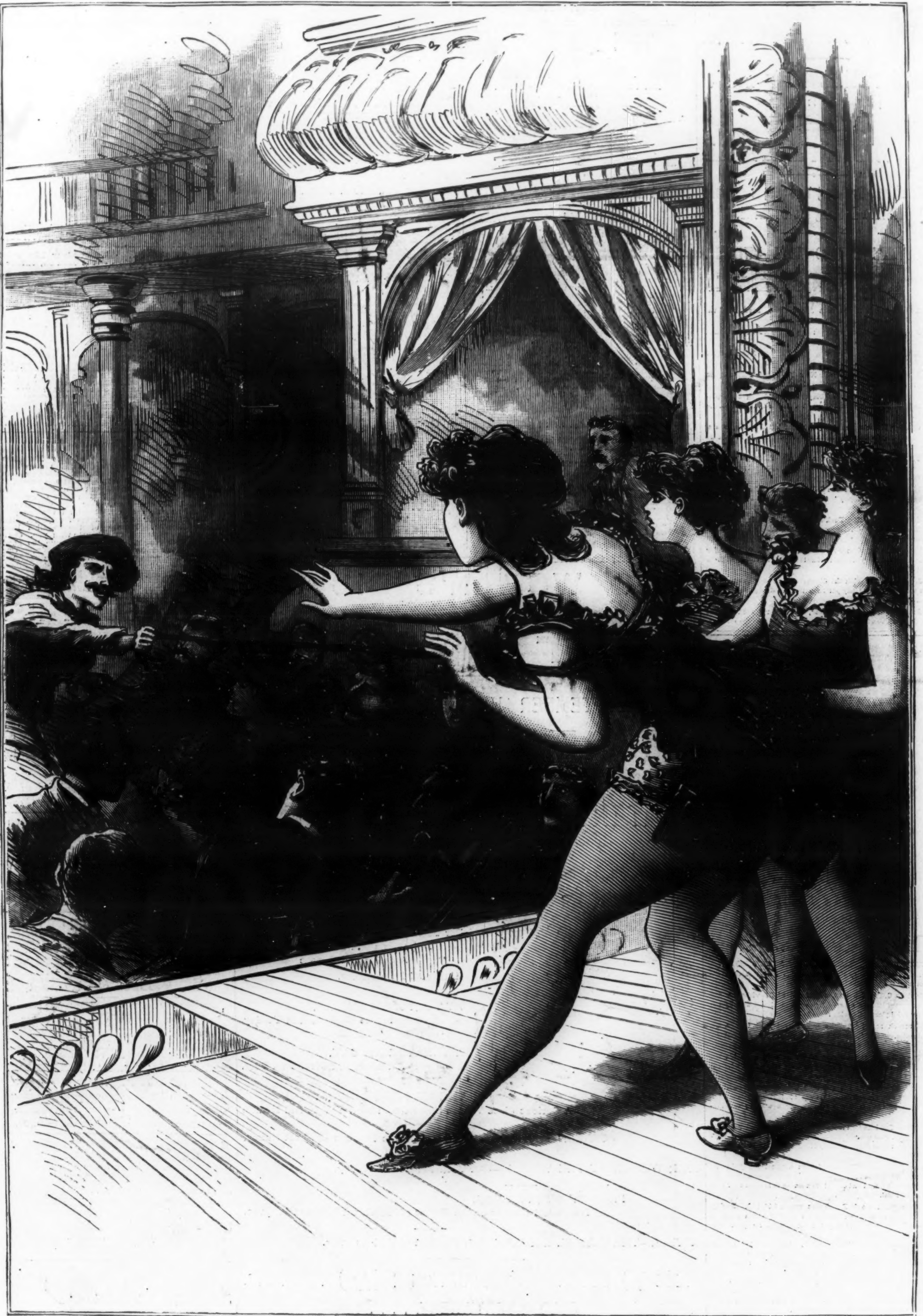
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